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The KILROYS

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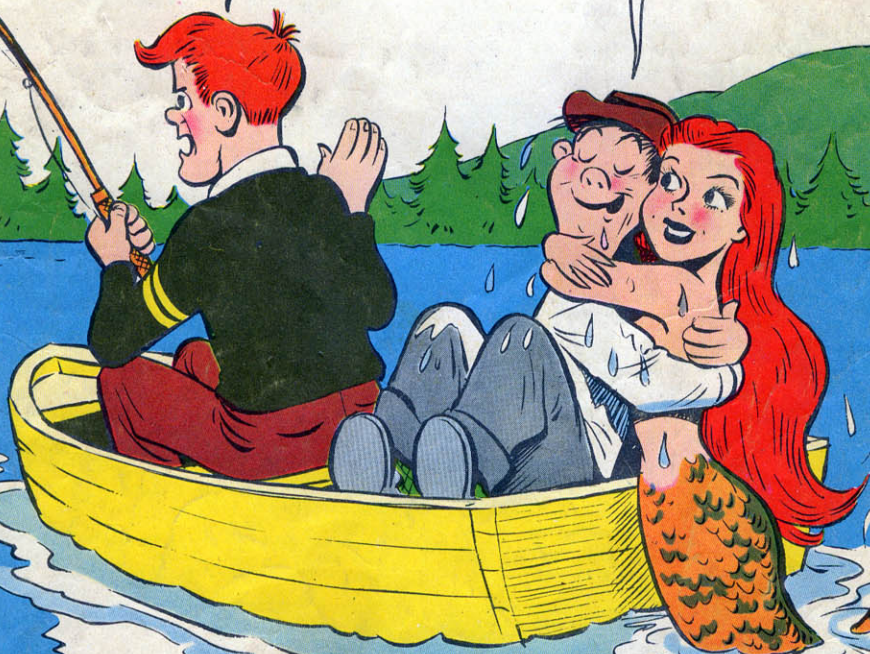
10¢

America's Funniest Family!

WOMEN--- AROUND *HERE?*
YOU'RE ALL WET,
JACKSON!

SO WHAT'S
BAD ABOUT
THAT?

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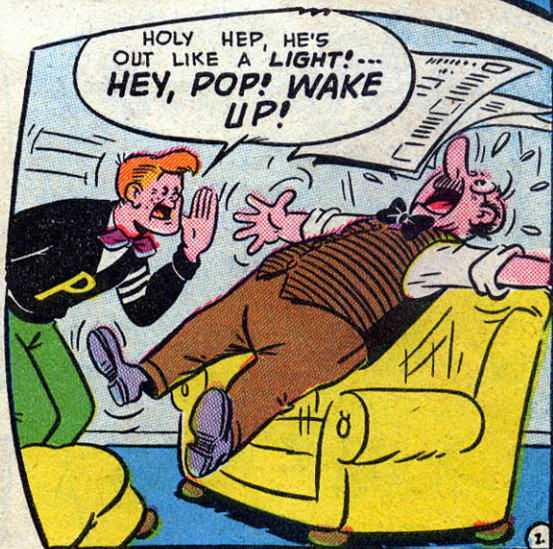
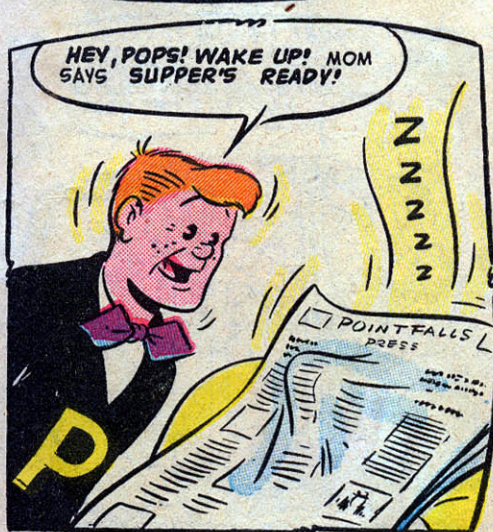
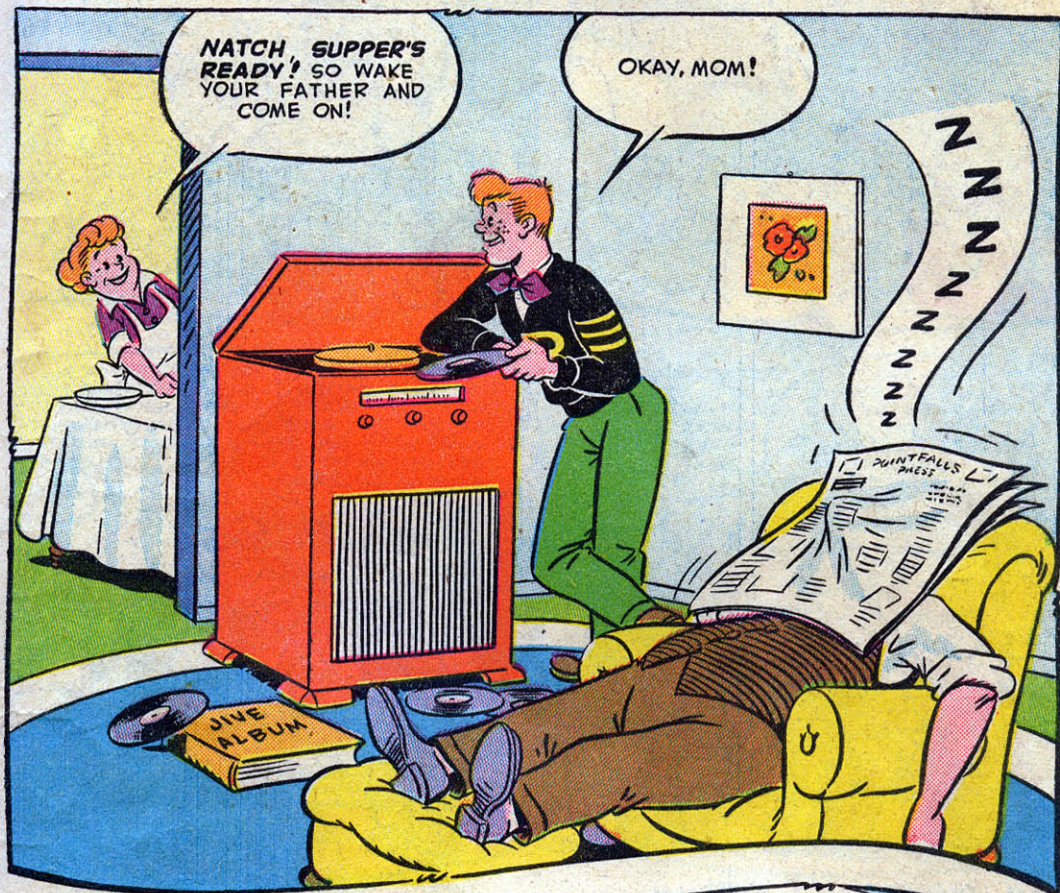
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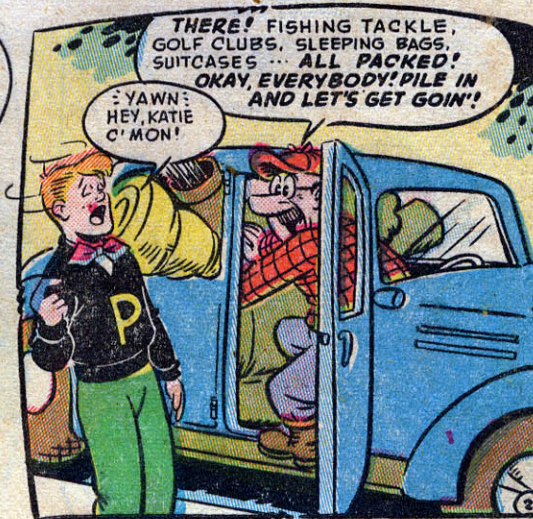
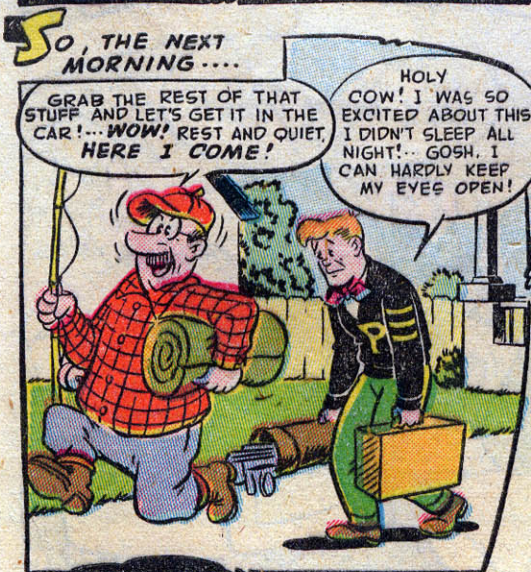
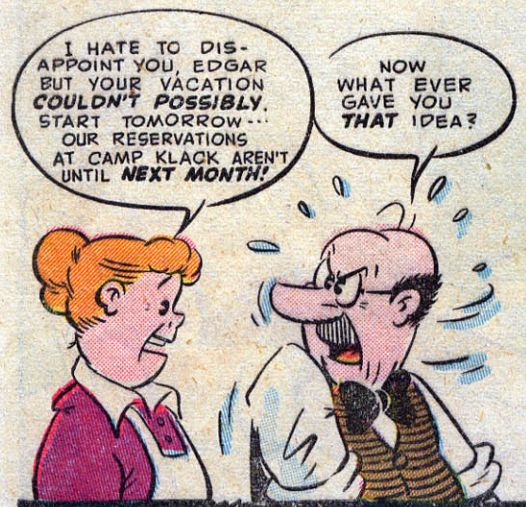
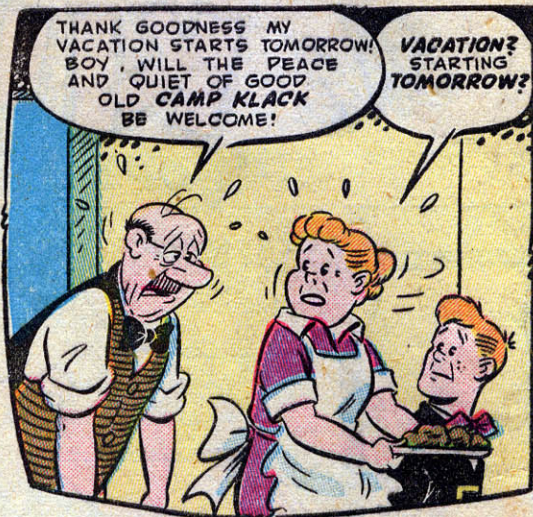
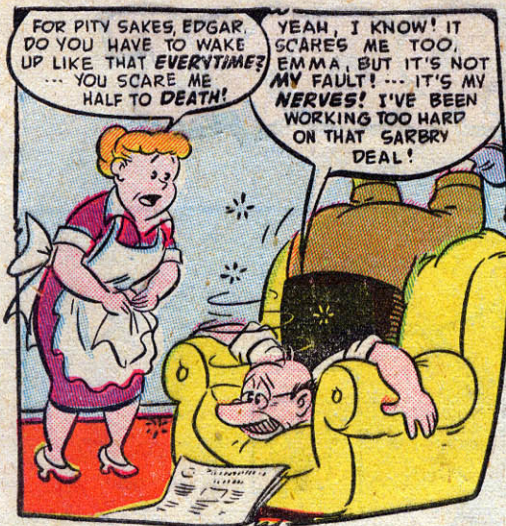
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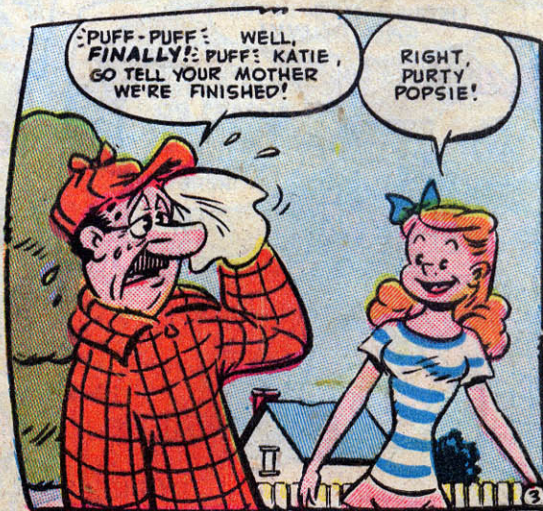
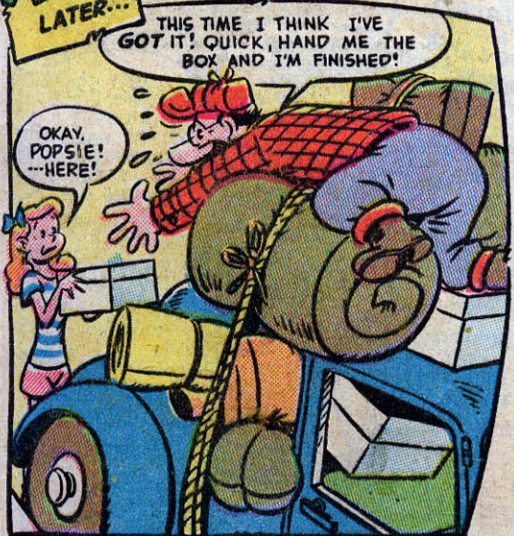
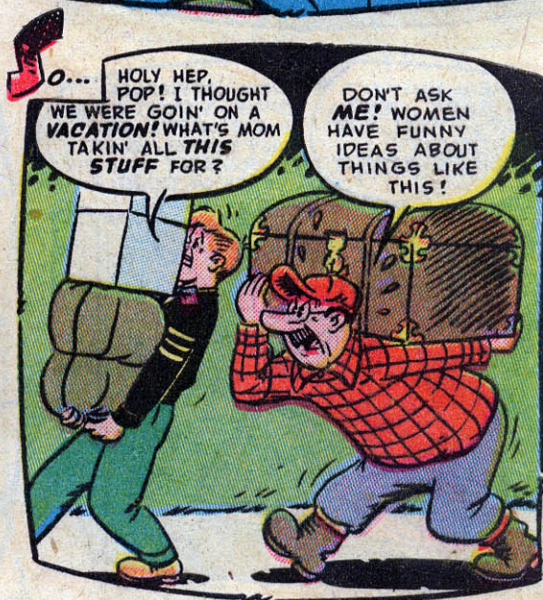
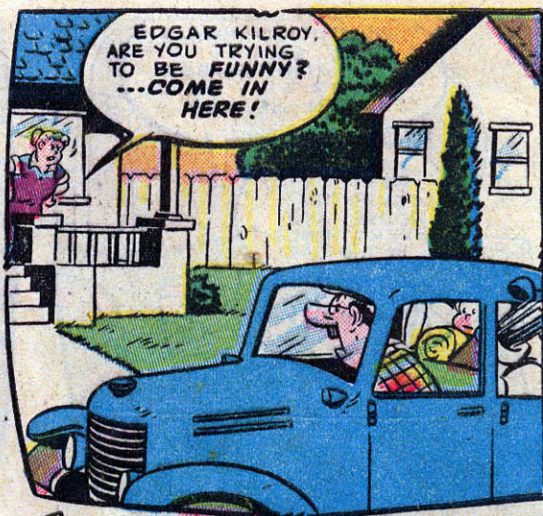
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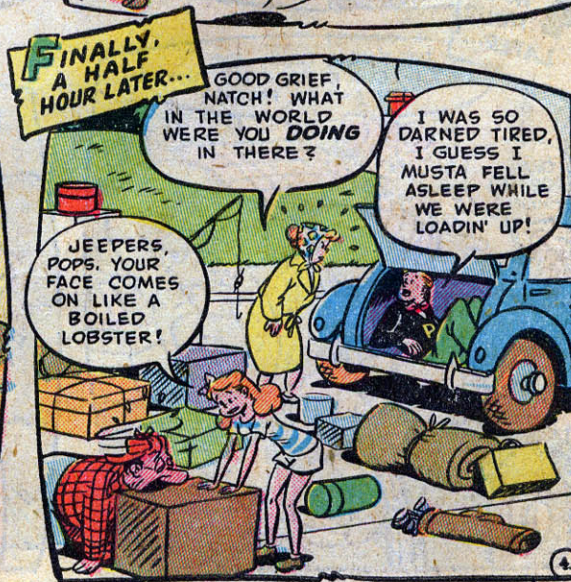
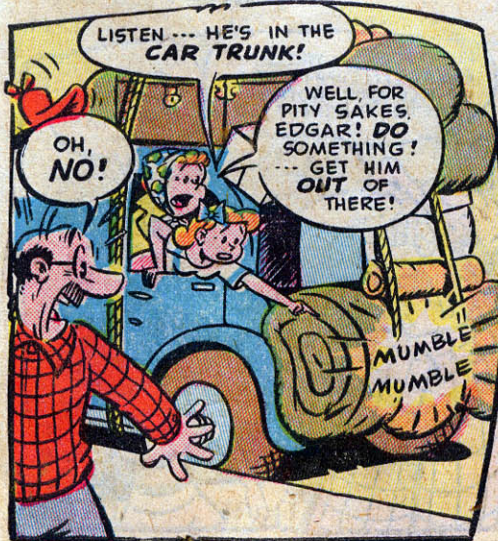
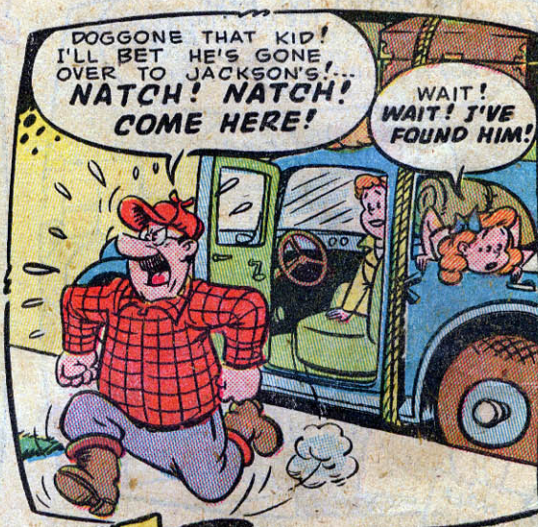
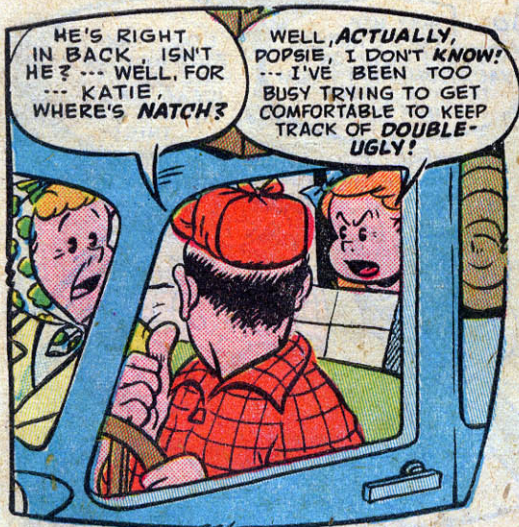
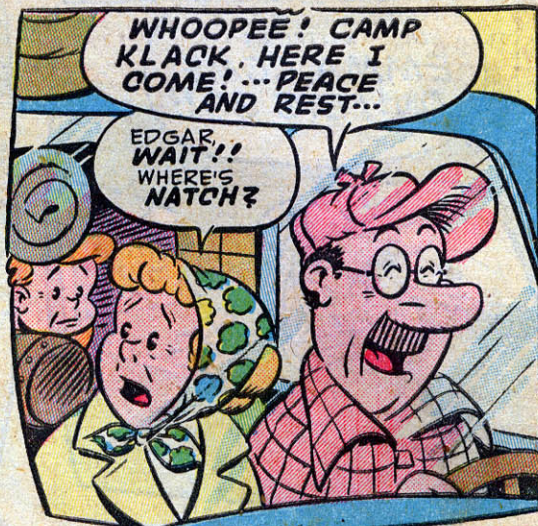
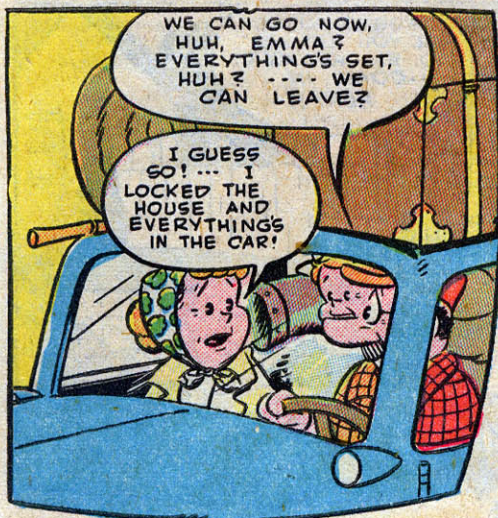
in

"POP'S VACATION"

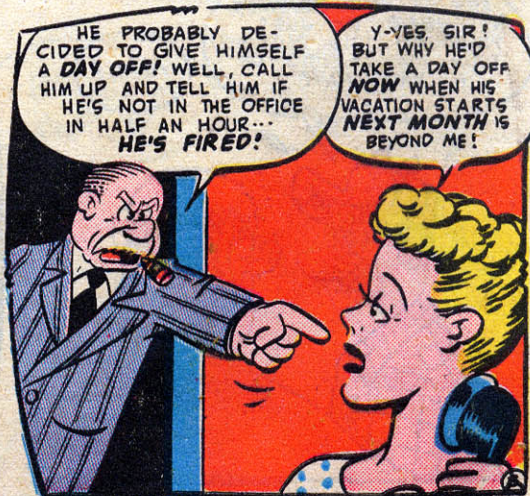
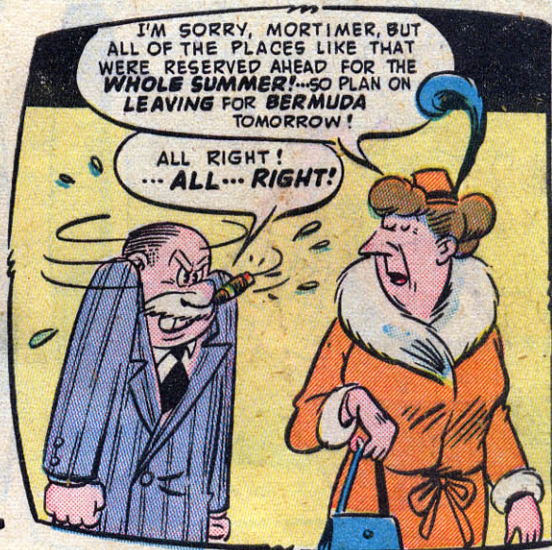
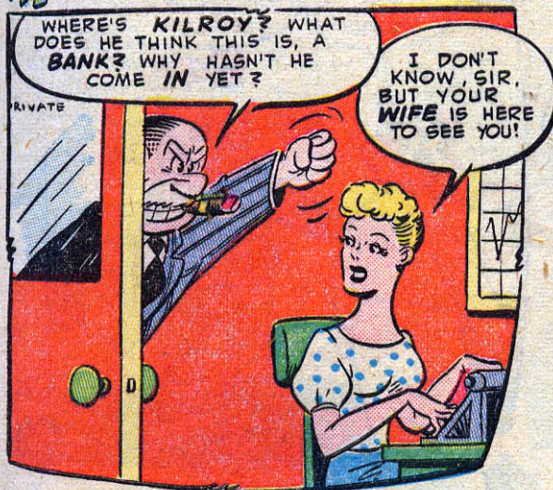




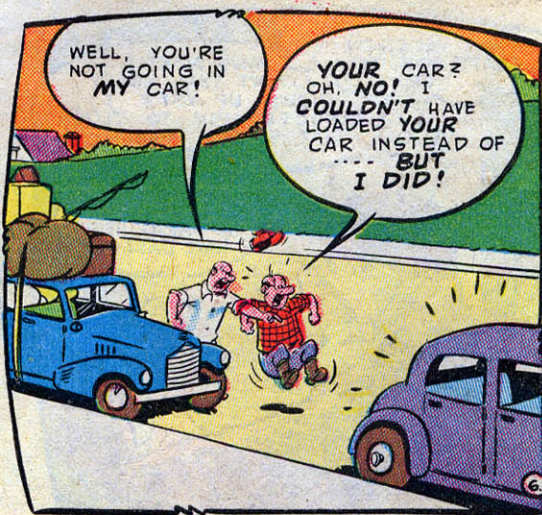
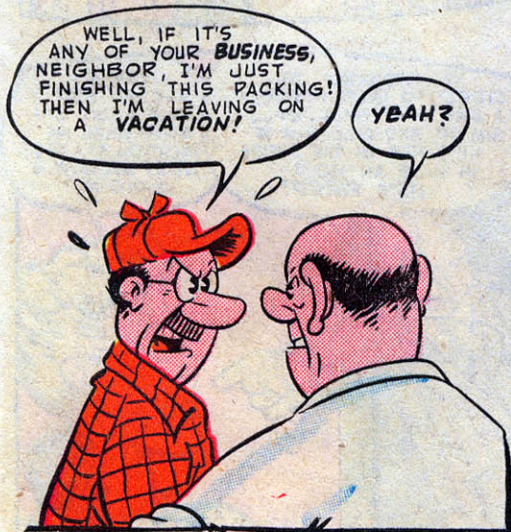
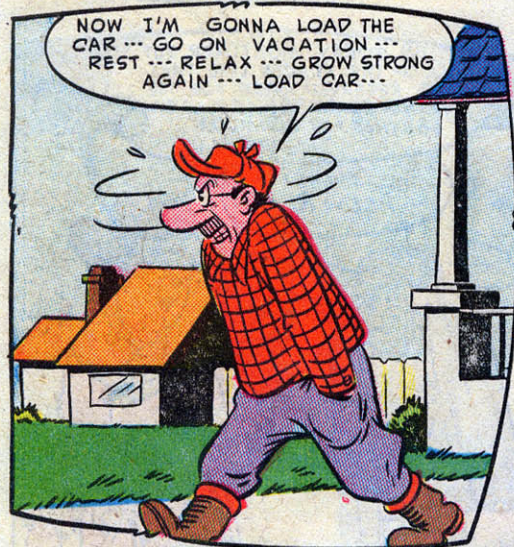
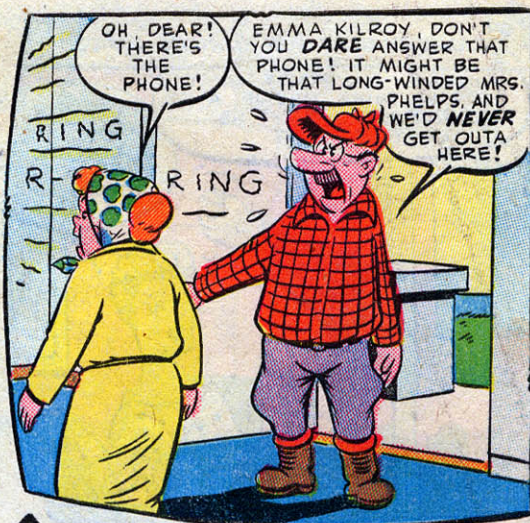
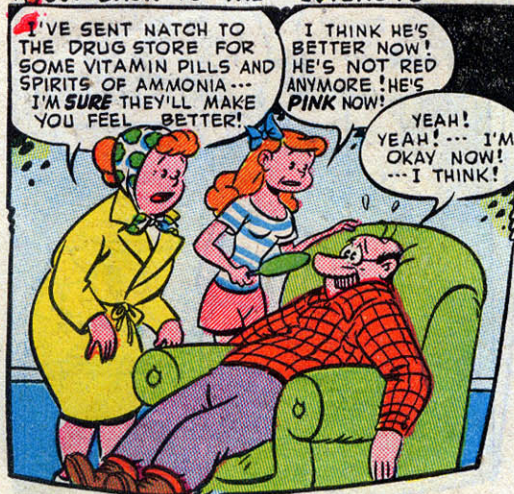


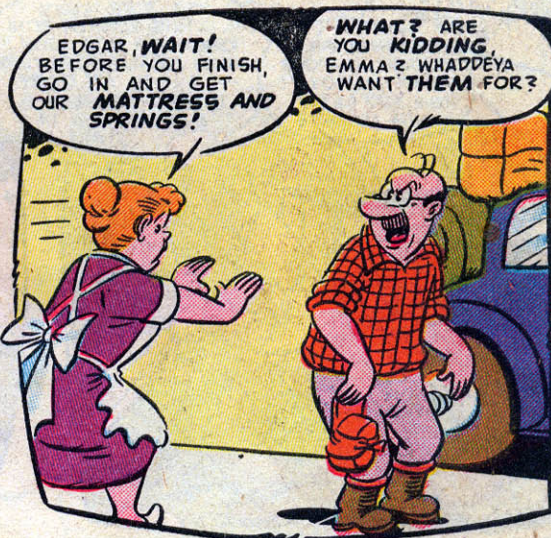
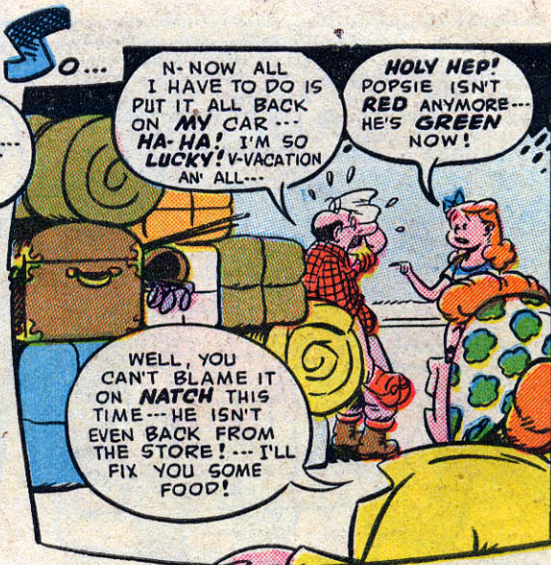
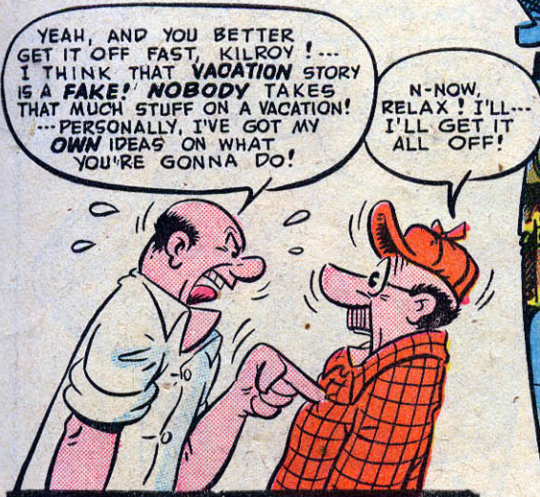


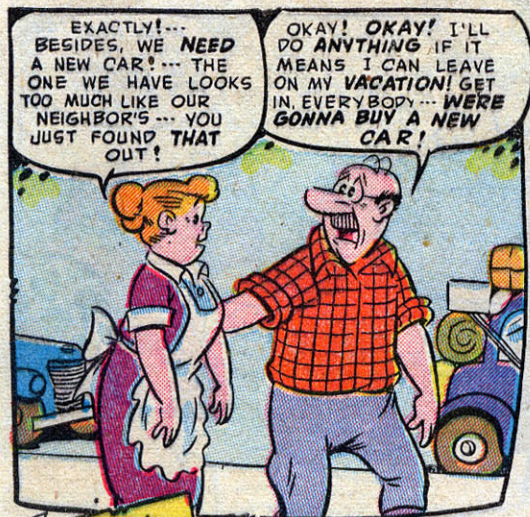
MEANWHILE, AT POP KILROY'S OFFICE...



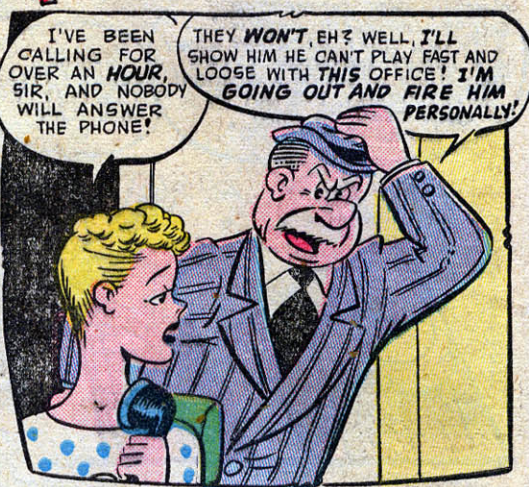
NOW BACK TO THE KILROYS...







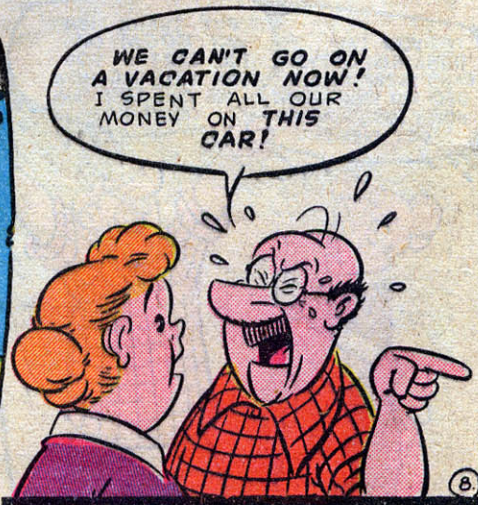
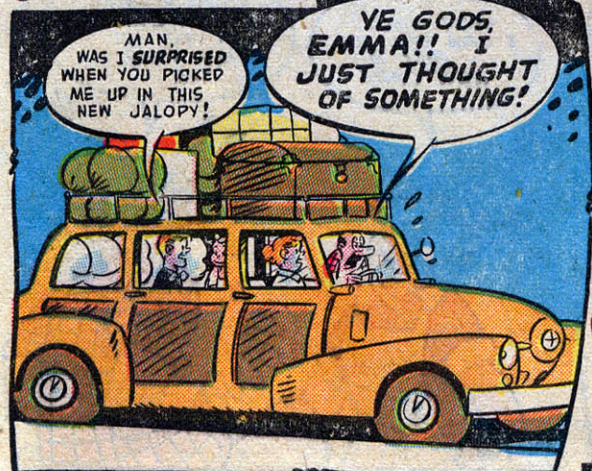
MEANWHILE, BACK AT KILROY'S OFFICE...



SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...



NOW, BACK TO THE KILROYS.



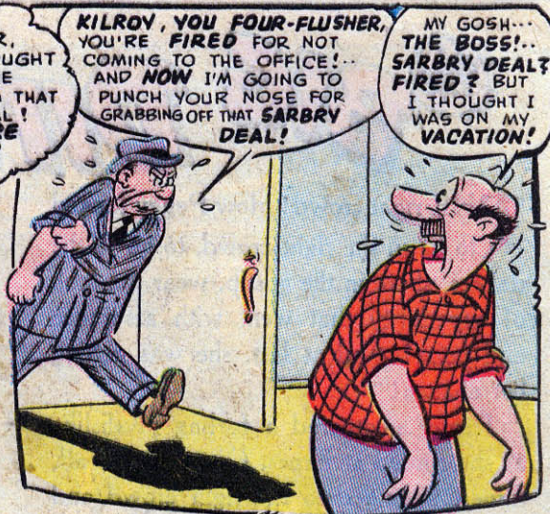
SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER....



I'LL HAVE TO CALL AND CANCEL OUR RESERVATIONS!

AFTER ALL THAT-- AND NOW NO VACATION!

HMPH! A NEW CAR, EH? ... BOUGHT IT WITH THE MONEY FROM THAT SARBRY DEAL! WELL-- HERE GOES!



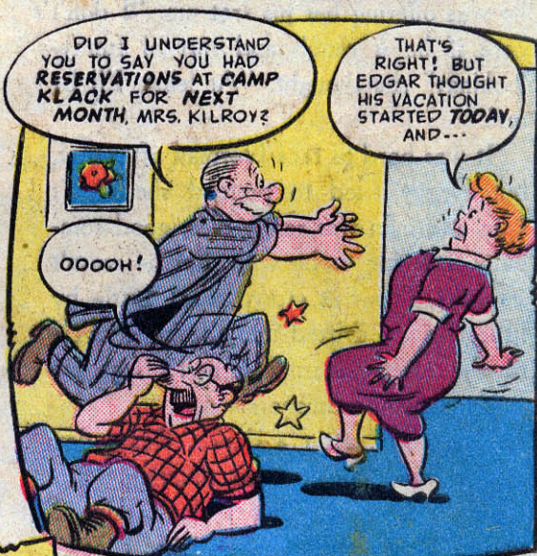
KILROY, YOU FOUR-FLUSHER, YOU'RE FIRED FOR NOT COMING TO THE OFFICE!... AND NOW I'M GOING TO PUNCH YOUR NOSE FOR GRABBING OFF THAT SARBRY DEAL!

MY GOSH... THE BOSS!... SARBRY DEAL? FIRED? BUT I THOUGHT I WAS ON MY VACATION!



A LIKELY STORY!... TAKE THAT, YOU HEEL!

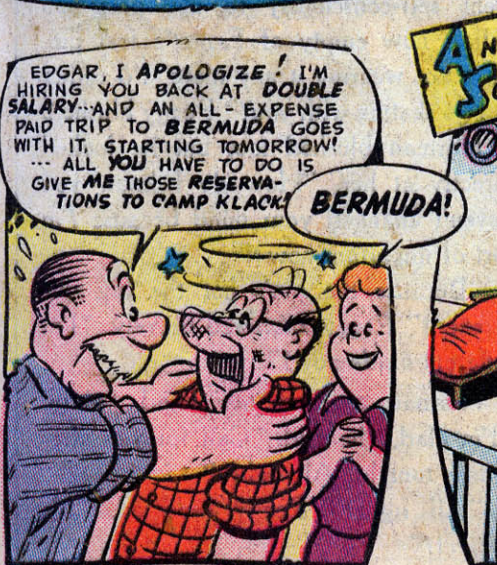
EDGAR! CAMP KLACK'S ON THE PHONE, AND THEY SAY OUR RESERVATIONS AREN'T TILL NEXT MONTH, SO... OH, DEAR! WHAT'S HAPPENING?



DID I UNDERSTAND YOU TO SAY YOU HAD RESERVATIONS AT CAMP KLACK FOR NEXT MONTH, MRS. KILROY?

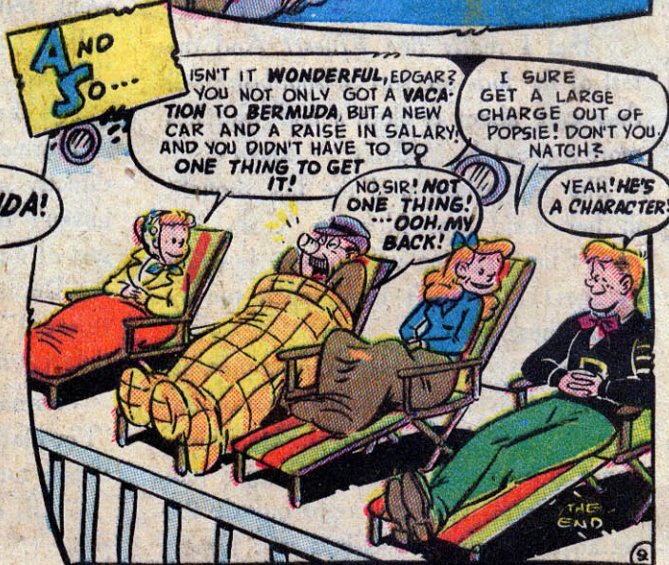
THAT'S RIGHT! BUT EDGAR THOUGHT HIS VACATION STARTED TODAY, AND...

OOOOH!



EDGAR, I APOLOGIZE! I'M HIRING YOU BACK AT DOUBLE SALARY--AND AN ALL-EXPENSE PAID TRIP TO BERMUDA GOES WITH IT, STARTING TOMORROW! ... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GIVE ME THOSE RESERVATIONS TO CAMP KLACK!

BERMUDA!



AND SO...

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, EDGAR? YOU NOT ONLY GOT A VACATION TO BERMUDA, BUT A NEW CAR AND A RAISE IN SALARY, AND YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO ONE THING TO GET IT!

I SURE GET A LARGE CHARGE OUT OF POPPIE! DON'T YOU, NATCH?

NO SIR! NOT ONE THING! ... OOH, MY BACK!

YEAH! HE'S A CHARACTER!

THE END

7/8 **BIG DIFFERENCE**

THE right crowd! How Peggy longed to be in the right crowd, to go to the dances, share in the gossip, wear the look of superiority that went with assurance and poise! And at last, she was getting her chance!

Peggy smothered a feeling of dislike as she smiled at Ernest Carey. After all, Ernest belonged to the right crowd and he was offering her his frat pin. "I don't care if he is dumb and sort of funny-looking," she thought. "At least, I'll be in!"

It was hard to face Norman after that, but Peggy tried to pretend she didn't care. Norman was really nice, good company and fun to be with, but he wasn't *smooth*! The frat crowd was! Little by little, Peggy drifted into the inner circle of the elect, wearing Ernest's frat pin as a means of admission.

One night, after a dance, Peggy lay in bed, wide-awake and thinking. "It's funny," she said, "but I don't think I had a very good time tonight. I can't say that I really *like Ernest*! And the rest of the kids are sort of *snobbish*! All they care about is clothes and who has more money! I . . . don't . . . know . . ."

She fell asleep and the last thought in her mind was Norman. Gosh, she hadn't been skating with him or bowling in ages! He didn't have much to say to her these days.

The next school day was important. All the kids rushed to the auditorium, eager to hear the results of the class elections. It was important to Peggy, too, in a different way. For right outside the entrance to school, she had met Ernest

and had returned his frat pin. "I'm sorry I ever took it, Ernest," she told him. "You see, I've been thinking things over and . . ."

The rest of Peggy's words were drowned by the cheering from the auditorium. Someone began to sing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow" and the rest of the kids picked it up and sang lustily. Still laughing and cheering, the kids came pouring out of the auditorium. Someone tugged at Peggy's sleeve. "Hear the good news? Norman Davis has been elected just about *everything*! Most popular, most talented, nicest guy in the senior class!"

A tremendous feeling of remorse came over Peggy. "The right crowd!" she said resentfully. But there was Norman, and she had to speak to him, congratulate him. She was a little shy about that.

"You deserve all of it," she said. "And . . . and . . . Norman, do you notice anything different about me?" Her hand went self-consciously to her peter-pan collar, now empty of Ernest's frat pin. "I'm not wearing it any more. I'd rather . . . go skating with *you*!" Peggy blushed.

Norman blushed too, but he looked directly at her. "How do I know you haven't changed your mind because *I'm* sort of important now?"

"Because the pin's not the big difference!" Peggy answered bravely. "I'm different *inside* now!"

Norman touched her hand lightly. "I'm glad," he said. "Call for you after dinner tonight. All right?"

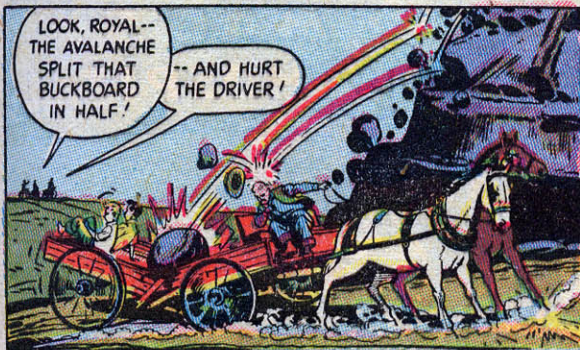
"All right?" Peggy repeated. "It's *perfect*!"

U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



**BEATING THE
BROKEN
BUCKBOARD!**



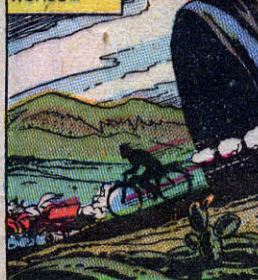
LOOK, ROYAL--
THE AVALANCHE
SPLIT THAT
BUCKBOARD
IN HALF!

-- AND HURT
THE DRIVER!

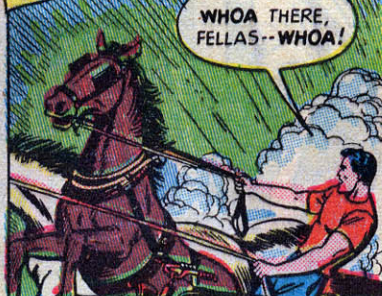


YOU BOYS CATCH UP WITH
THAT REAR SECTION WHILE
I GO AFTER THE
FRONT HALF!

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF
AFTER THE FRIGHTENED
HORSES--



AND SOON--



WHOA THERE,
FELLAS--WHOA!

MEANWHILE, AFTER A DANGEROUS
DOWNHILL RACE, THE BIKE CLUB BOYS
BRING THEIR HALF OF THE ADVENTURE
TO A STOP!



LATER...

YOUR FAST ACTION
SAVED OUR LIVES! SAY,
ALL THAT SPEED MUST
BE PRETTY TOUGH ON
YOUR BIKE TIRES!

THAT'S WHY WE ALWAYS
INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES! THEY'RE
REALLY RUGGED--AND
READY FOR ANY
EMERGENCY!



FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-
OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE
SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER
CONTROL FOR REAL CONTROL
AT TOP SPEED, INSIST ON U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN!



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN
REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"
... SAYS U.S. ROYAL.

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN
GIVE YOU TOP PERFORMANCE
AND PERFECT CONTROL... AND
MORE MILEAGE, TOO! WHY NOT
TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

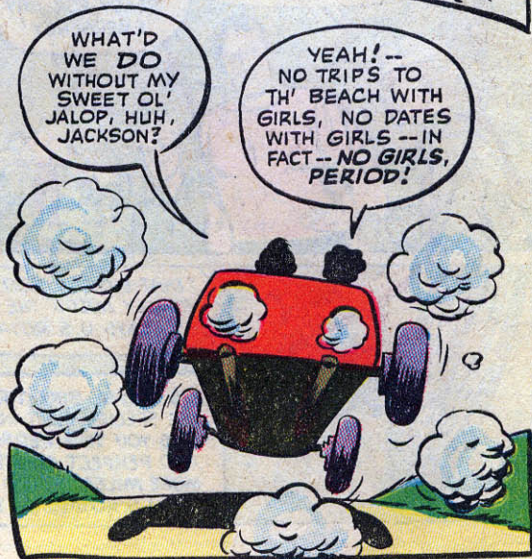
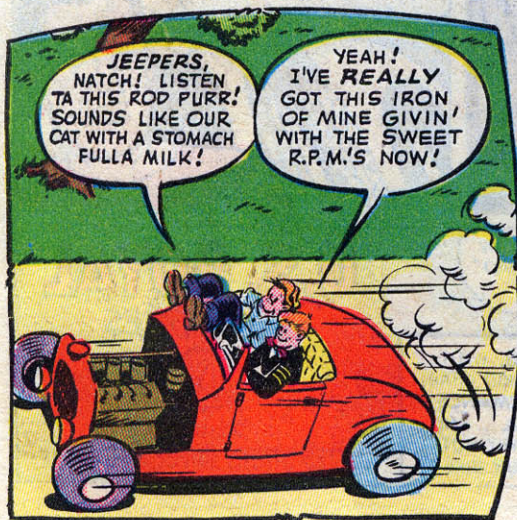
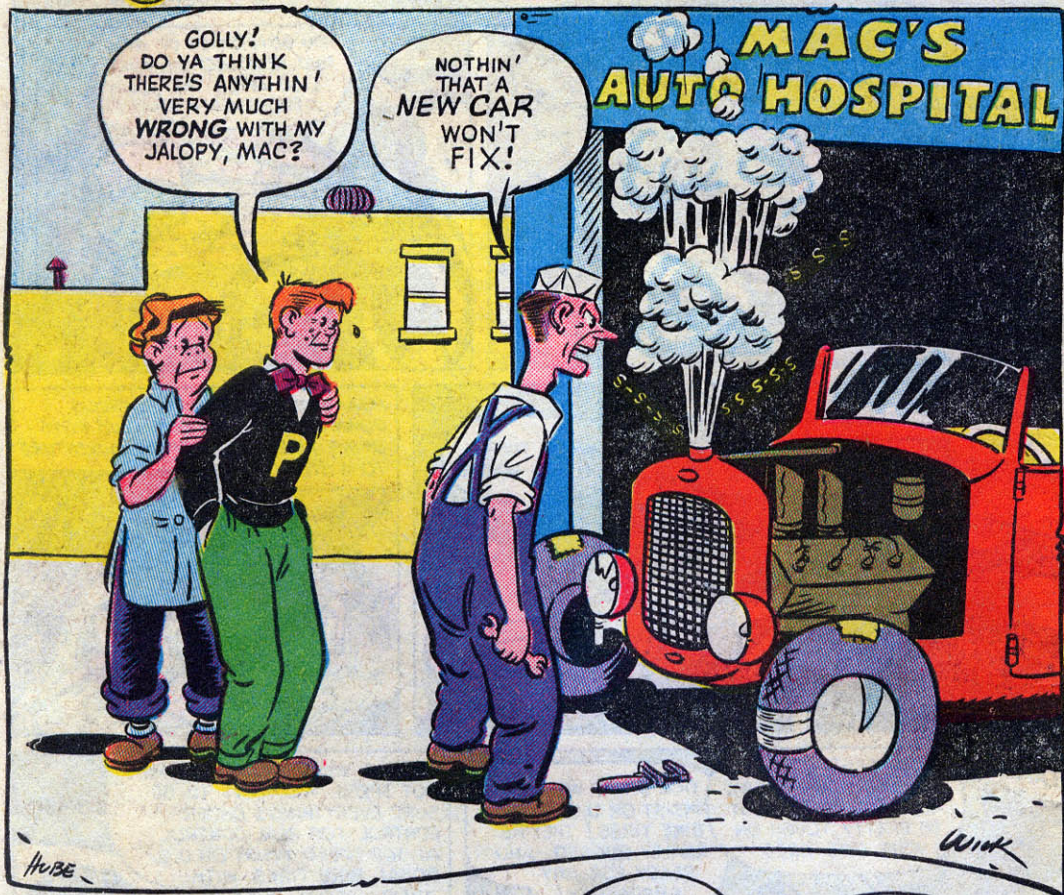
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES

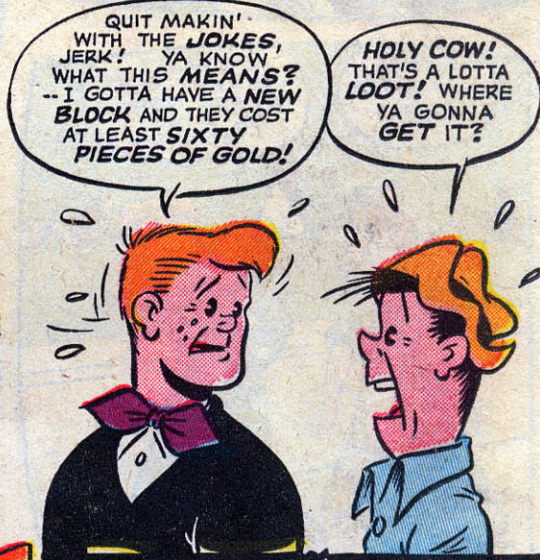
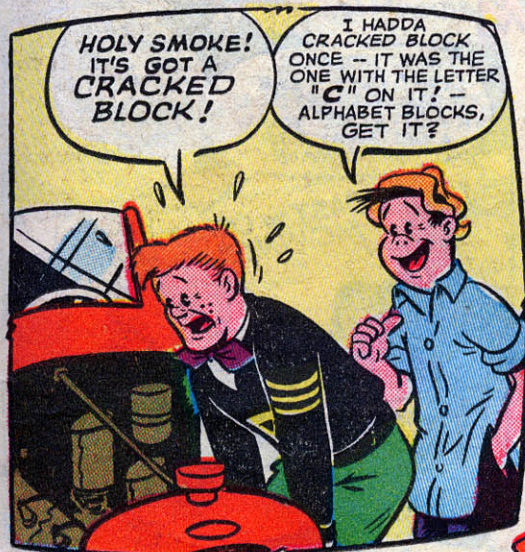
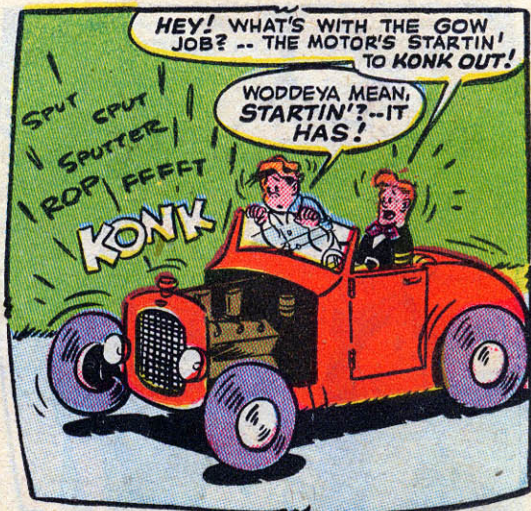
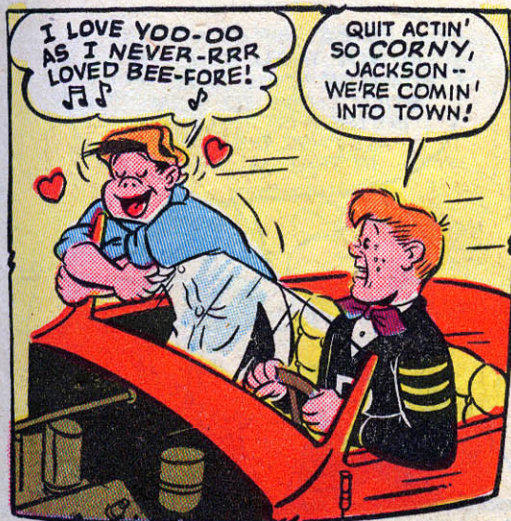


Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

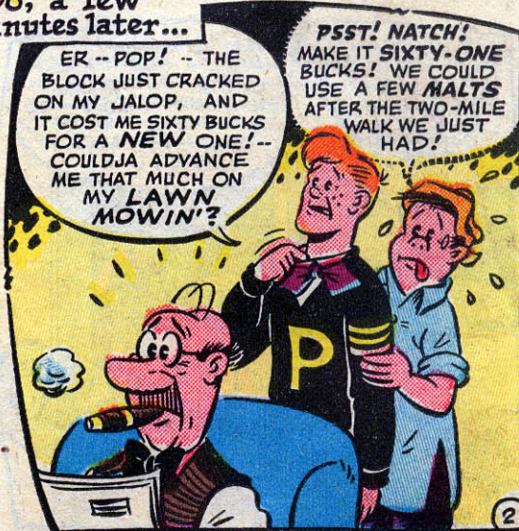
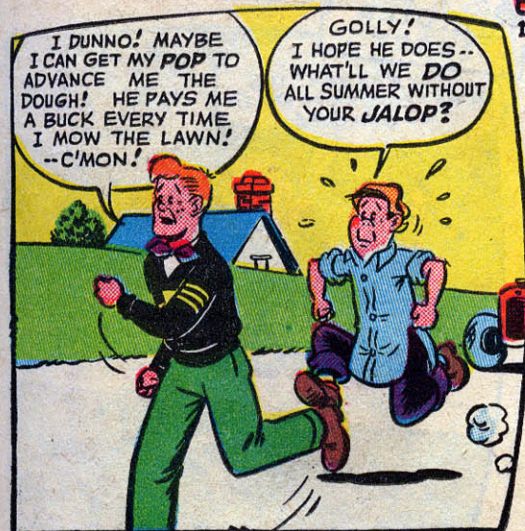
Natch and Jackson

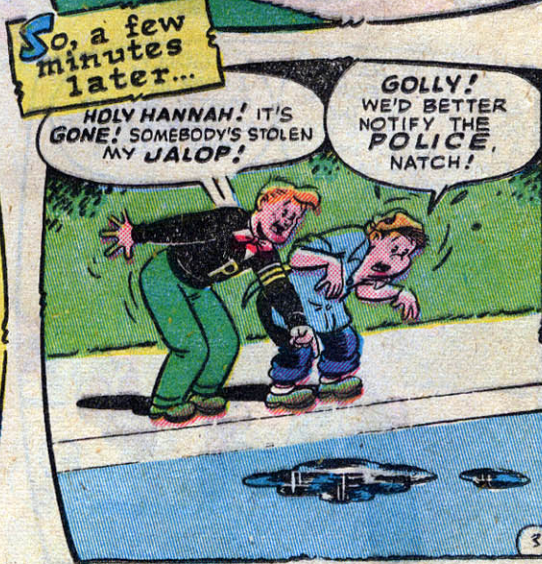
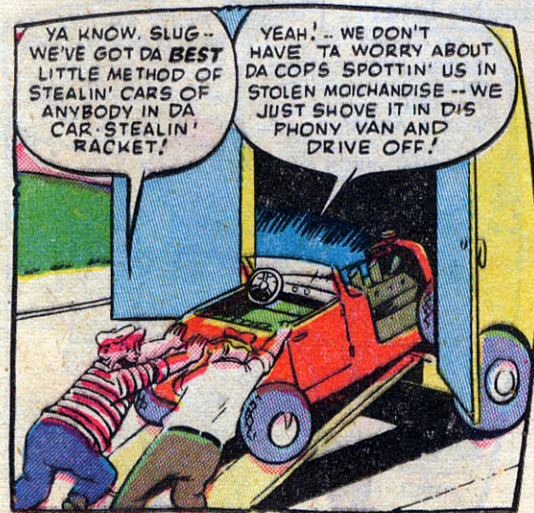
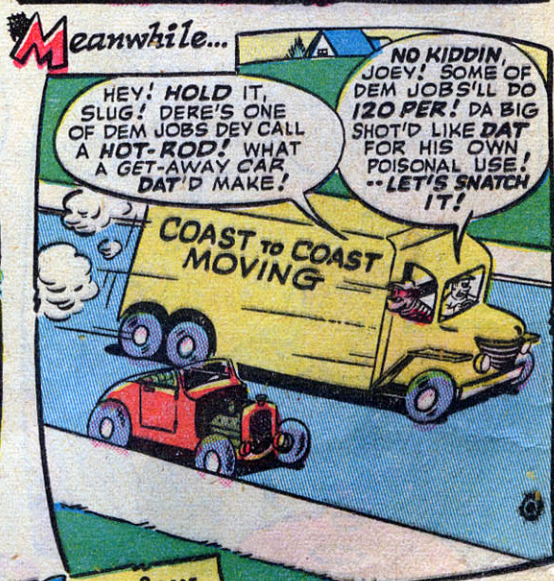
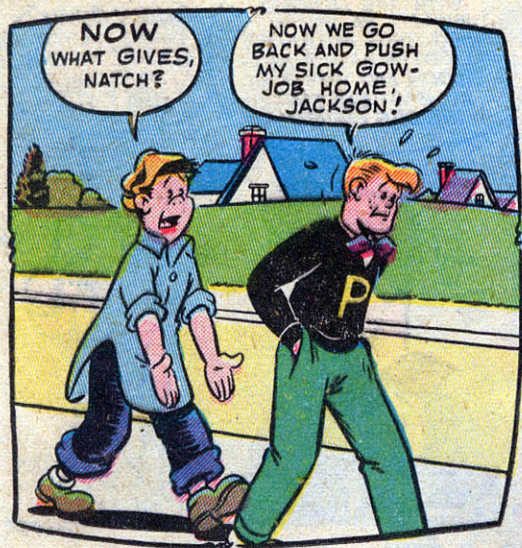
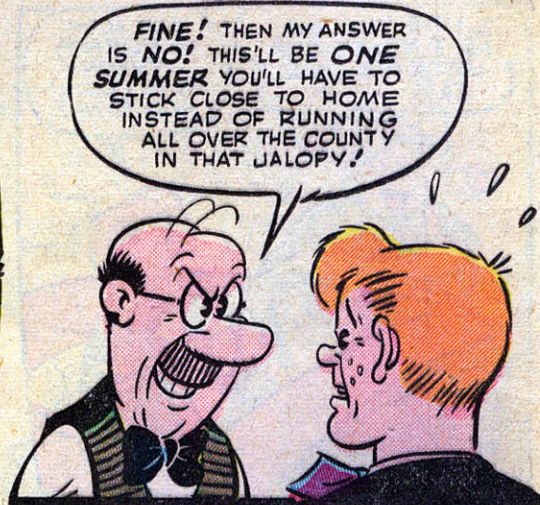
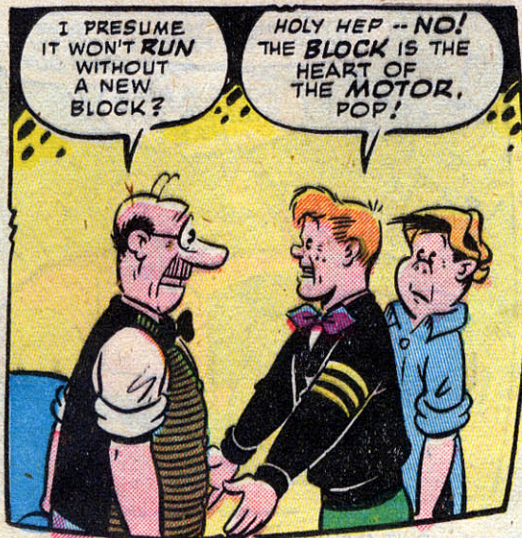
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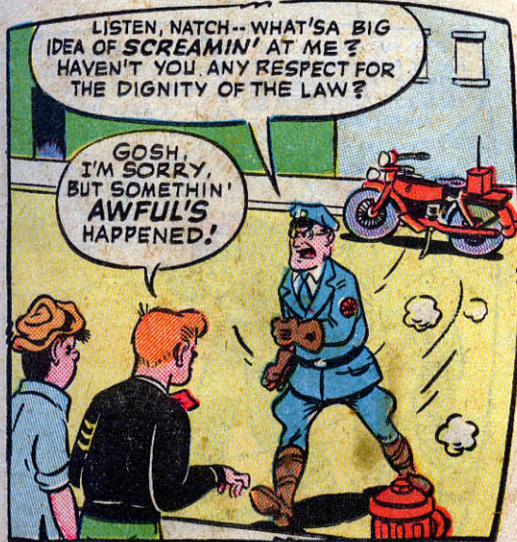
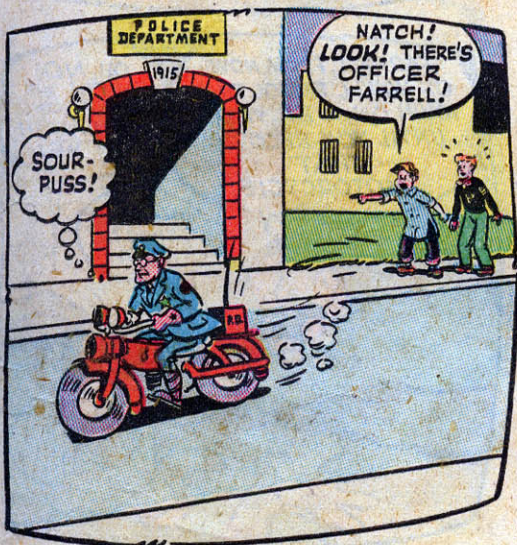
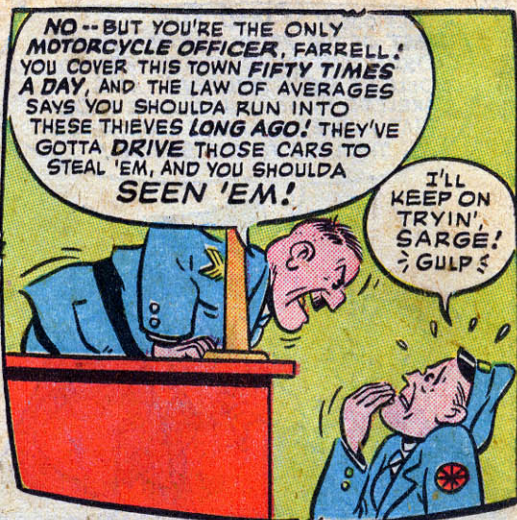
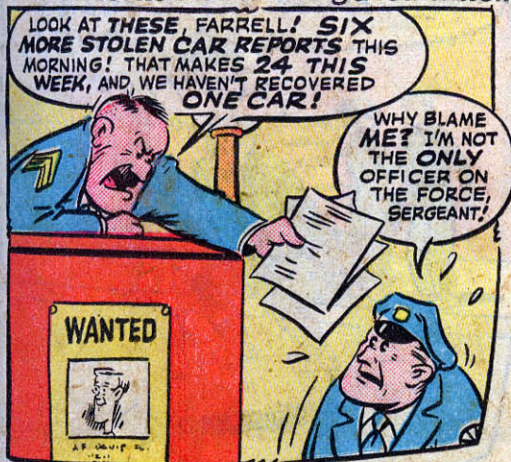


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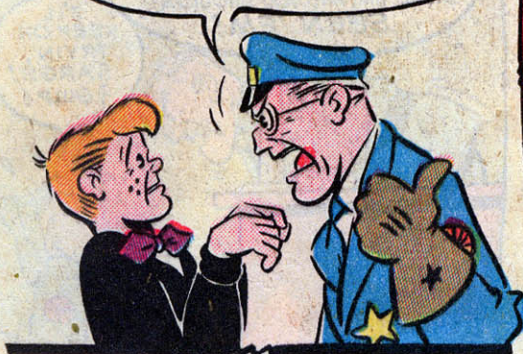




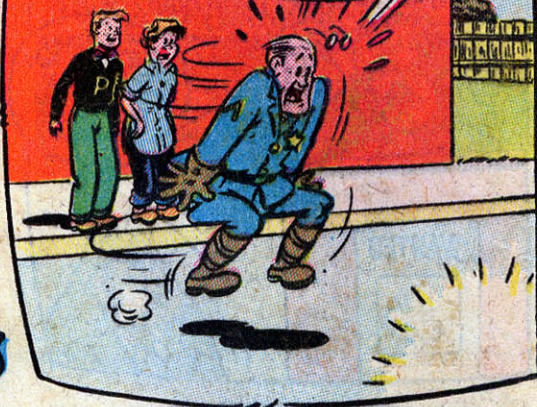
Meanwhile, at Police Headquarters, someone ELSE is having a bad time...



SERIOUSLY, IF YOU AND THE REST OF THE PEOPLE WOULD KEEP A CLOSER EYE ON YOUR VEHICLES, THEY WOULDN'T BE STOLEN! IT'S CARELESS NUMBSKULLS LIKE YOU THAT THIEVES PREY ON! OKAY, REPORT THE LOSS TO THE SARGE!

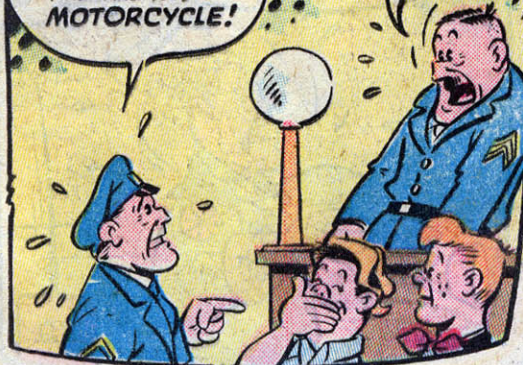


I'VE GOTTA GET BACK ON THE JOB, AND --- **YIIII! MY CYCLES GONE!**



I'VE GOT TWO NEW TH-THEFTS TO REPORT, SERGEANT! **GULP** NATCH KILROY'S CAR AND- AND MY MOTORCYCLE!

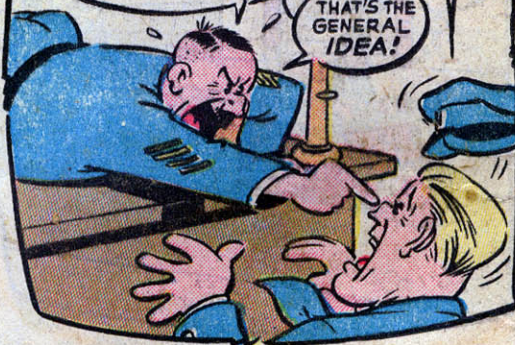
**WHAT?
OH, NO!**



FARRELL, FROM NOW ON YOU'LL PATROL THIS TOWN ON A BICYCLE, UNTIL YOU RECOVER THAT MOTORCYCLE!

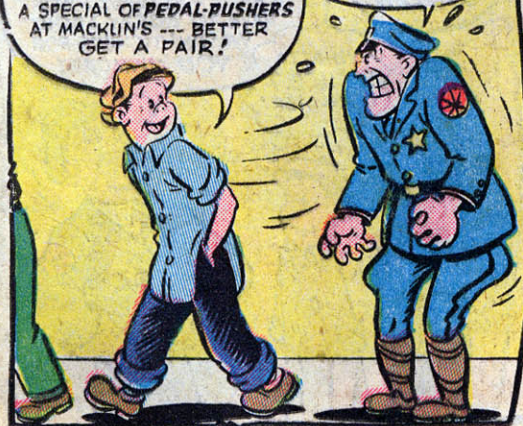
OH, NO, SARGE! THE WHOLE TOWN WILL LAUGH AT ME!

THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA!



AMAZIN' HOW MANY NUMBSKULLS HAVE STUFF STOLEN, HUH, OFFICER FARRELL? --INCIDENTALLY, THEY'VE GOT A SPECIAL OF PEDAL-PUSHERS AT MACKLIN'S --- BETTER GET A PAIR!

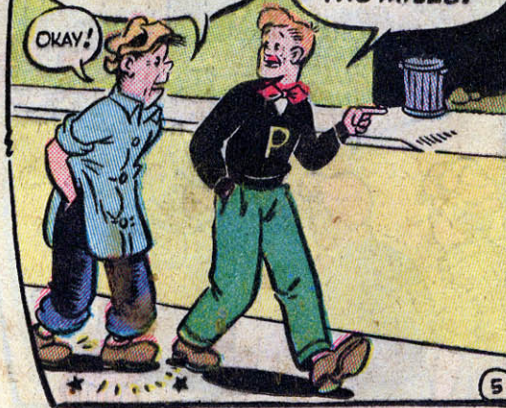
WHY -- YOU -- YOU -- YOU -- YOU --



HEY, NATCH! DO YA KNOW ANY SHORT CUTS HOME? MY DOGS ARE KILLIN' ME FROM SO MUCH WALKIN'!

WE CAN FOLLOW THE ALLEYS DOWN THROUGH THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT! IT'LL SAVE US ABOUT TWO MILES!

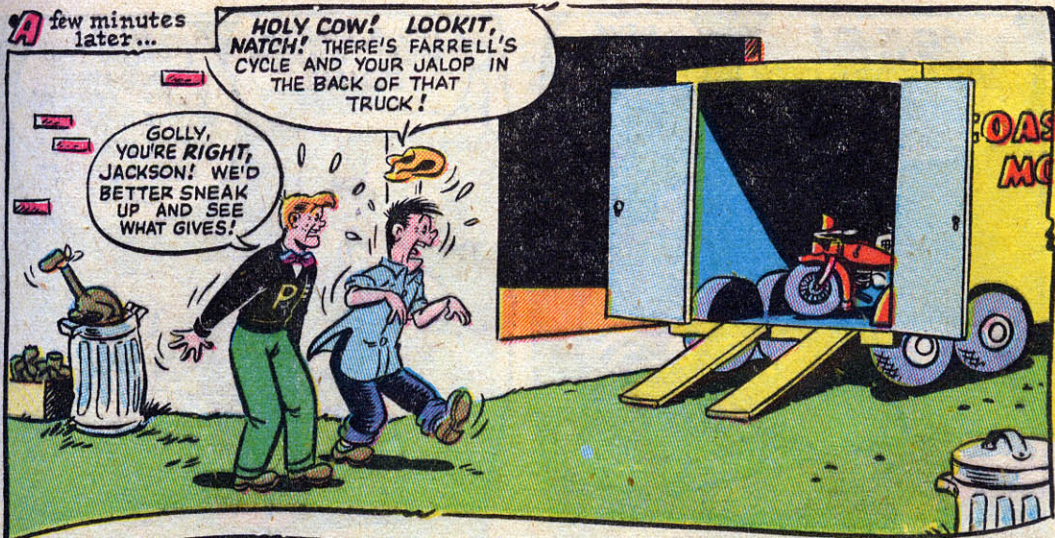
OKAY!



A few minutes later...

HOLY COW! LOOKIT, NATCH! THERE'S FARRELL'S CYCLE AND YOUR JALOP IN THE BACK OF THAT TRUCK!

GOLLY, YOU'RE RIGHT, JACKSON! WE'D BETTER SNEAK UP AND SEE WHAT GIVES!



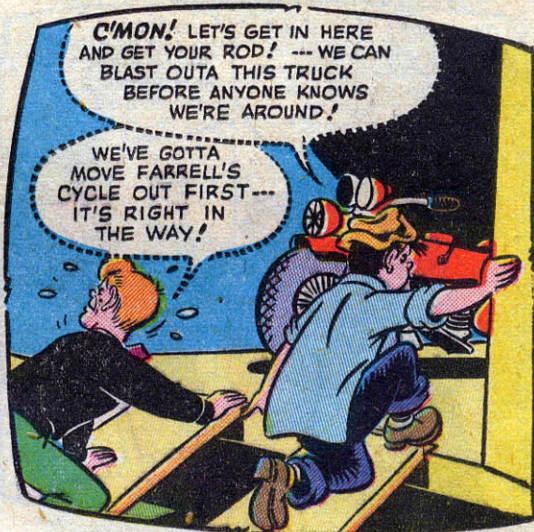
JEEPERS, CREEPERS, JACKSON! LOOK INSIDE THERE!... A WHOLE BUNCHA CARS, BEIN' REPAINTED!

SHH! NOT SO LOUD! I NOTICED A GUY SLEEPIN' IN THE CAB OF THIS JOB!



C'MON! LET'S GET IN HERE AND GET YOUR ROD! --- WE CAN BLAST OUTA THIS TRUCK BEFORE ANYONE KNOWS WE'RE AROUND!

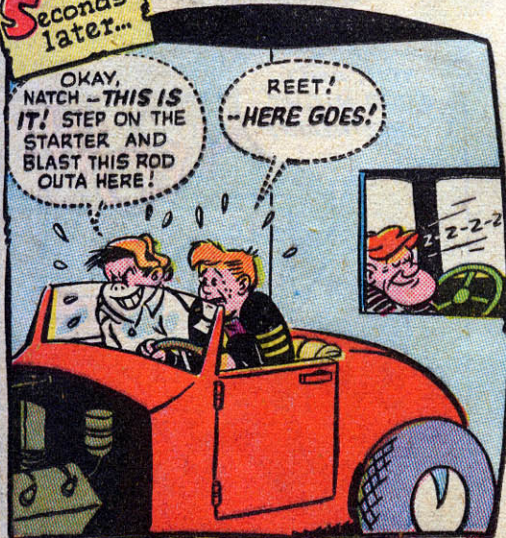
WE'VE GOTTA MOVE FARRELL'S CYCLE OUT FIRST--- IT'S RIGHT IN THE WAY!



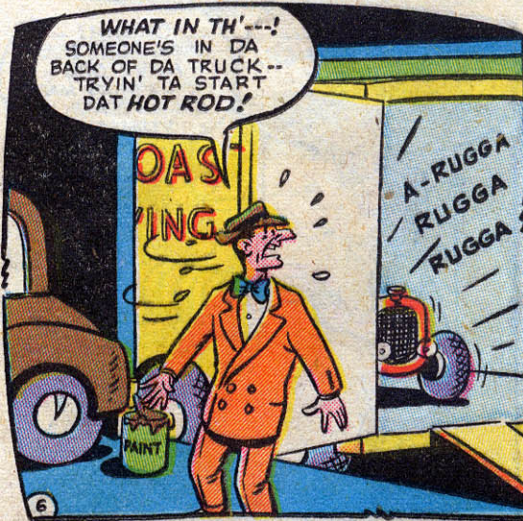
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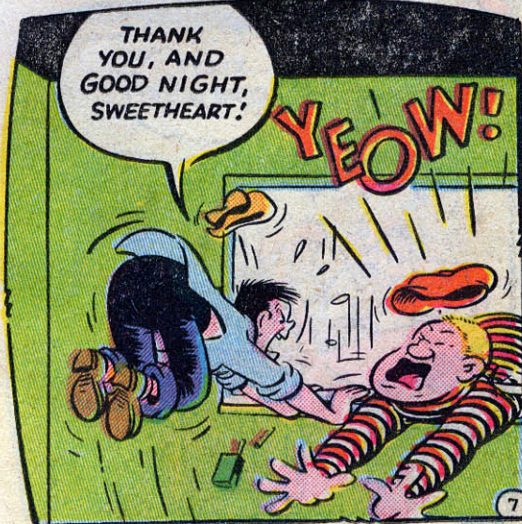
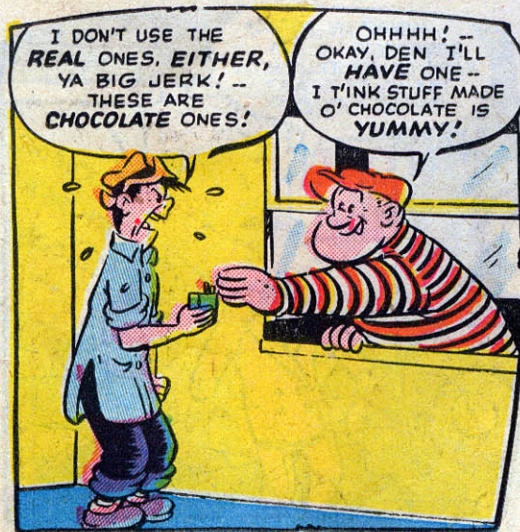
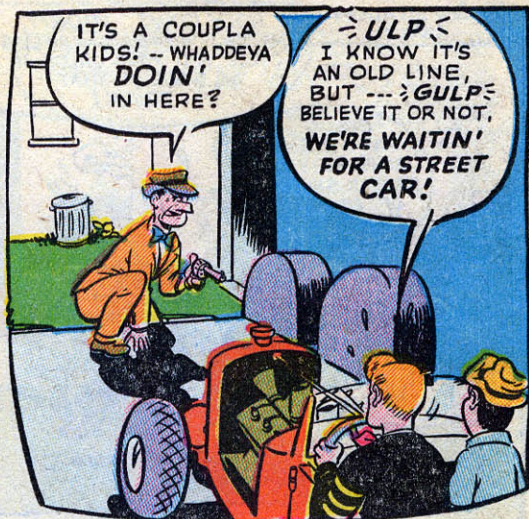
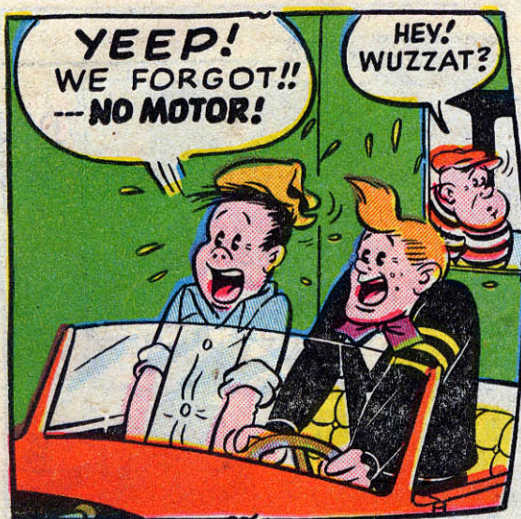
OKAY, NATCH--THIS IS IT! STEP ON THE STARTER AND BLAST THIS ROD OUTA HERE!

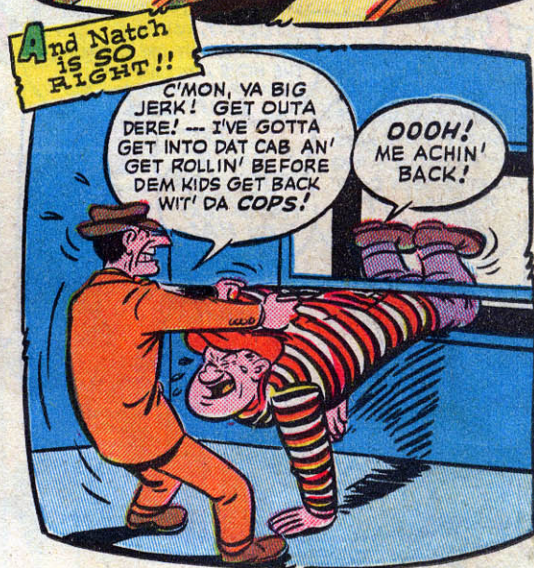
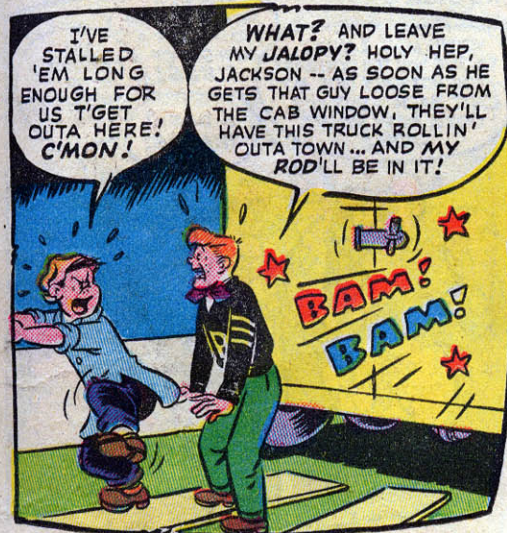
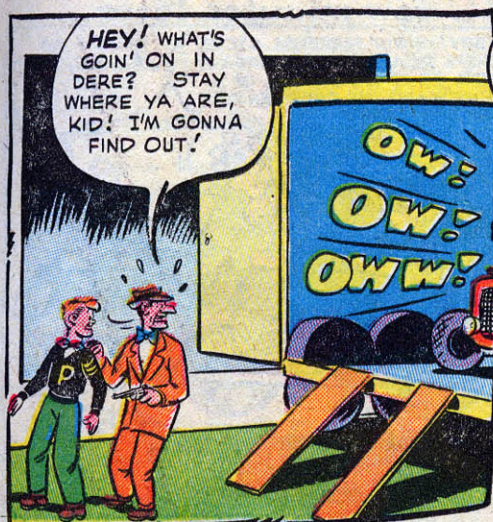
REET! --HERE GOES!



WHAT IN TH'---! SOMEONE'S IN DA BACK OF DA TRUCK-- TRYIN' TA START DAT HOT ROD!







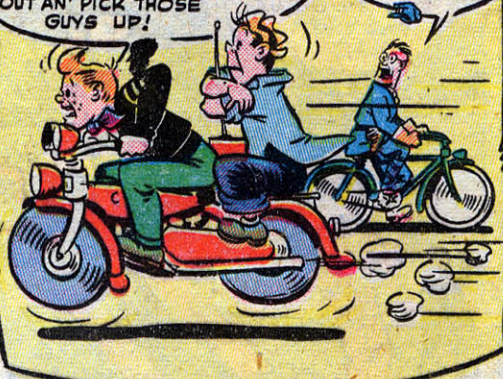


AMAZIN' WHAT A LULLABY'LL DO!...SPECIALLY AN **IRON ONE!** -- NOW I'LL SHOVE THIS CHARACTER BACK AND LOCK THE CAB WINDOW!

A few minutes later...

BOY! HAVIN' FARRELL'S CYCLE THERE **REALLY** WAS A BREAK! WE'LL BE AT THE STATION IN A MINUTE AND THE COPS CAN GO OUT AN' PICK THOSE GUYS UP!

NATCH AN' JACKSON--AND ON MY **CYCLE!**

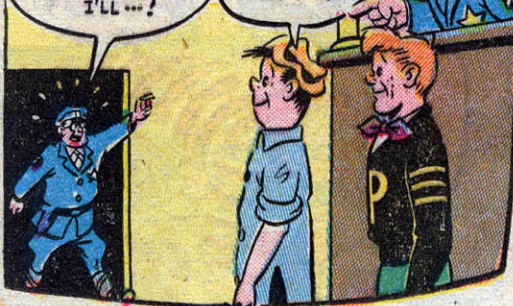


Later still...

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? WHERE'D THOSE KIDS GET MY CYCLE -- AND WHAT'RE THEY DOIN' RIDIN' IT? SO HELP ME, I'LL...!

THEY GOT IT FROM THE CROOKS THAT **STOLE IT**, FARRELL, AND THEY ALSO GOT THE **CROOKS!** THE BOYS ARE OUT PICKIN' 'EM UP RIGHT NOW -- SO **SHUT UP!**

MAN! IS HE RED IN THE FACE FROM PUMPIN' THAT BIKE! HA!



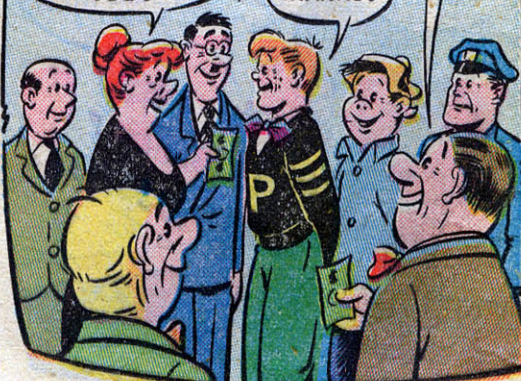
And so...

YOUNG MAN, I WANT TO GIVE YOU TEN DOLLARS! --YOU NOT ONLY GOT MY **CAR** BACK -- BUT IT'S GOT A **NEW PAINT JOB!**

COUNT ON ME FOR FIFTEEN TOO -- I GOT A **NEW SET OF TIRES!**

G-GOSH! THANKS!

I'M COUGHING UP **TWENTY!**

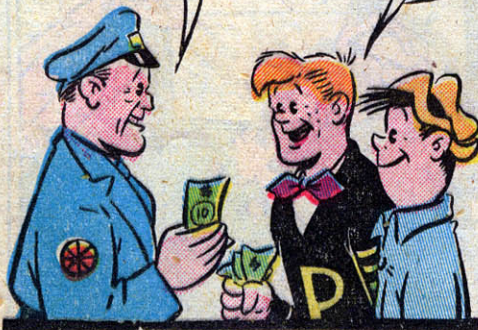


BY GOSH, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN I'D DO THIS, BUT NATCH-- HERE'S TEN **BUCKS** FOR GETTIN' MY CYCLE BACK! --- I COULDN'TA LASTED MUCH LONGER, ON THAT BIKE!

WOW! THIS MAKES **NINETY BUCKS**, JACKSON! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH IT?

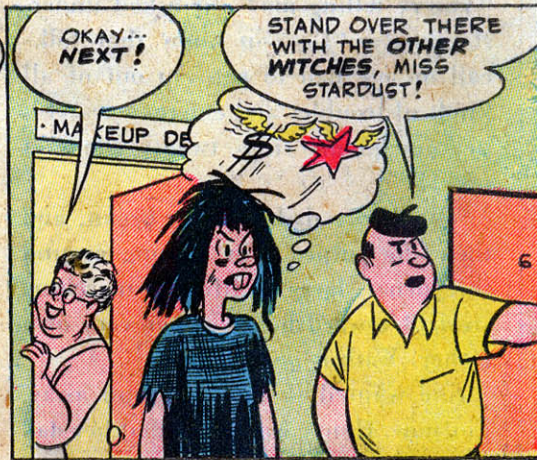
GET A NEW BLOCK FOR YOUR JALOP, **OF COURSE!** WE WOULDN'T WANT ALL THE **PRETTY GIRLS** TA WALK ALL SEASON, WOULD WE? **WOO! WOO!**

YOU'RE SURE A CHARACTER, JACKSON -- BUT A **RIGHT GUY!** YES, SIR, A **RIGHT GUY!**



The End

SADIE STARDUST



FAIR EXCHANGE

HENRY BAILEY was desperately anxious to impress the pretty girl at his side. That was the way to interest 'em, all right! Be impressive and hard-to-get, even if you didn't stick to the truth exactly! He could tell by the way she was listening that she was interested.

"So you see," he said, "my pop's a pretty important man in the community! Folks kinda look up to him and do what he says! Why, you'd be surprised how well-known he is!"

Eloise Dennis was listening, all right. "Huh!" she was thinking scornfully. "I'll show *him* who's important around town!" For Eloise was desperately anxious to impress Henry Bailey and she knew how to do it. By being sort of lofty and out-of-reach!

"Well, *my* dad's so important that people just couldn't do without him!" she boasted. "Everybody respects him a lot and thinks a good deal of him. He's a big wheel in our part of town!"

She glanced sidewise at Henry to see if he was being impressed. He was. "You're telling me?" he asked understandingly. "Do you know that folks call on my dad to get 'em out of all kinds of troubles and emergencies? I'll bet our phone rings twenty times at night!"

"Well, *my* dad," Eloise began, and then she gulped. For coming around the corner, large as life and marching straight toward her, was her very own father. With a *policeman*!

She wanted to turn and run away. For now, Henry would see that her dad

was a postman, and while everything she had said about him was *true*, still it wasn't quite honest. She'd made her dad sound like a judge or a big business executive or something. And she just *knew* that Henry's dad would turn out to be a doctor or something romantic and . . .

"Hello, honey," Eloise's father greeted her affectionately. "How's my girl?"

"Fine, dad," she answered weakly. "Daddy, I'd like you to meet my friend, Henry . . . *Henry*! What's the matter with you, Henry?" Henry wasn't looking very happy at the moment, either!

"Eloise," he said, after drawing a deep breath, "I'd like you to meet *my* dad, Officer Bailey!"

The policeman smiled warmly at Eloise and shook her hand. "Glad to know you, young lady," he boomed heartily. "Known your father a long time! Think highly of him, too, as everyone does!"

"So you're Bailey's boy," said the postman. "You can be proud of your dad, son. We all are!"

Eloise and Henry stared at each other solemnly for a moment. Then they both burst into laughter at the very same moment. They had been trying to impress each other and the funny thing was that everything they had said was *true*! They had *reason* to be proud of their dads!

"Will you take my arm, Miss Dennis?" Henry said gallantly.

"That I will, Mr. Bailey!" Eloise answered.

KILROY KUT-UPS

WELL, COACH, THE
FIRST ONE'S A **FLY BALL**,
AND THE SECOND'S A **FOUL BALL**,
BUT THE **THIRD** ONE'S
GOT ME PUZZLED!
... I THINK IT'S A
SCREWBALL!

BASEBALL SKULL
PRACTICE TODAY!

TYPE I

TYPE II

TYPE III

POINTFALLS

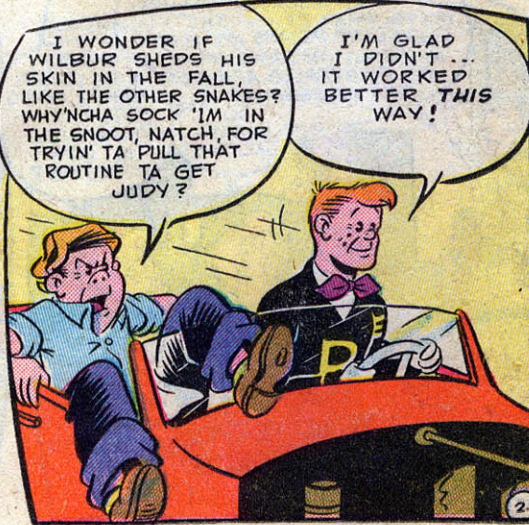
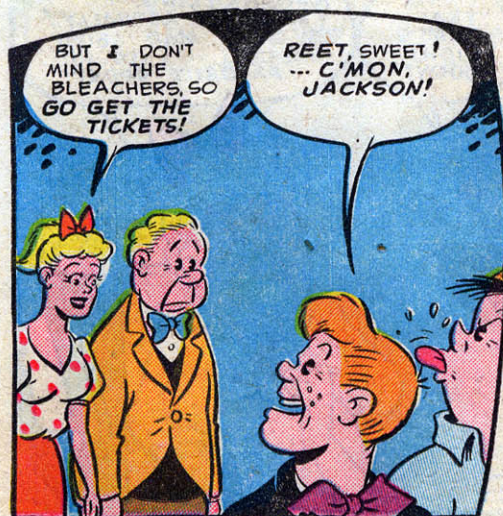
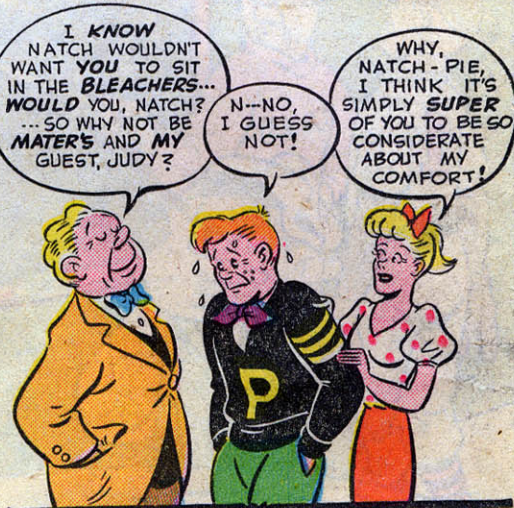
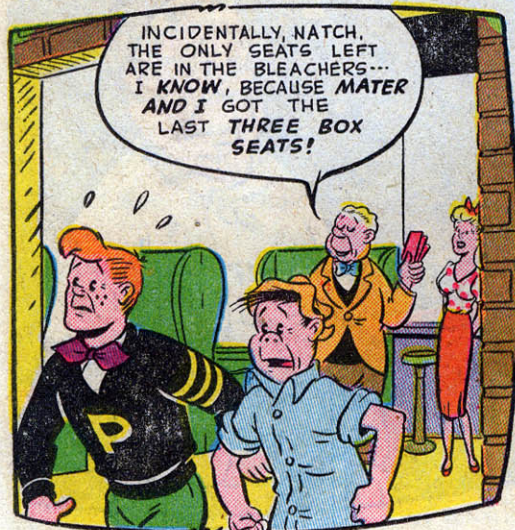
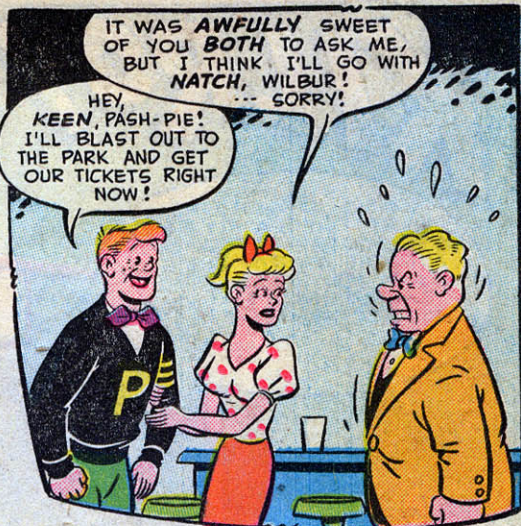
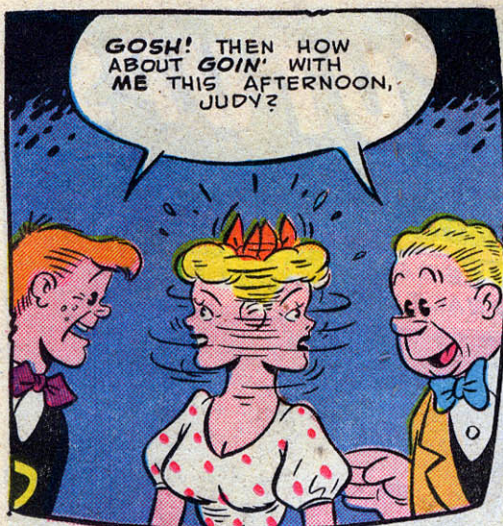
HEY, ALL YOU LOVERS OF
THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTTIME...
GUESS WHAT??... THE
CLEVELAND INDIANS ARE PLAYIN'
AN EXHIBITION GAME WITH
THE **POINTFALLS ARGYLES** A
THIS AFTERNOON! TEA

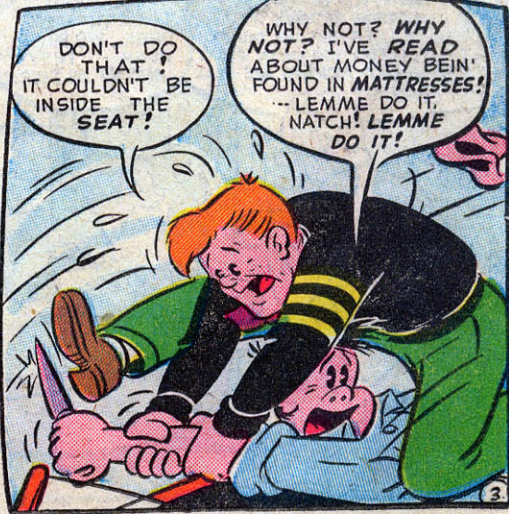
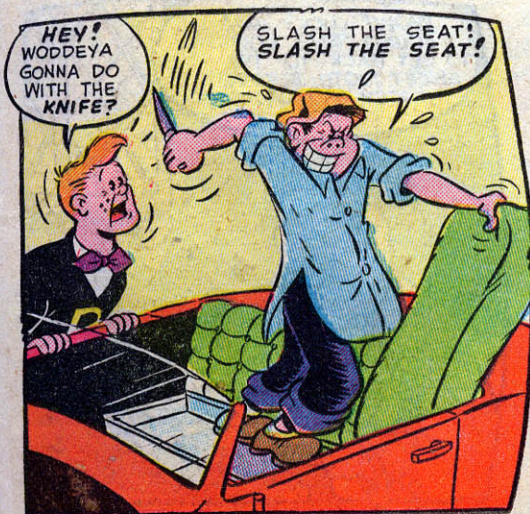
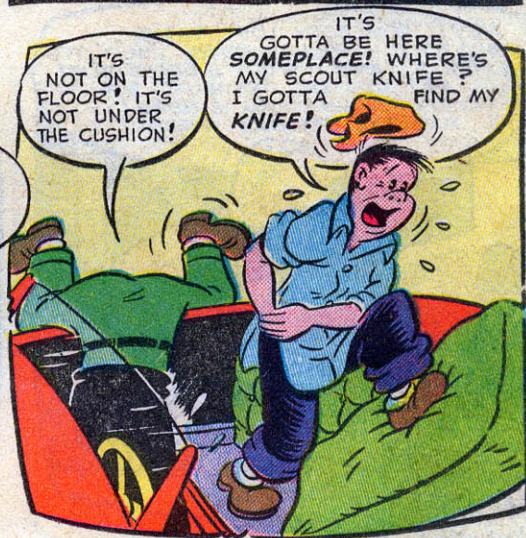
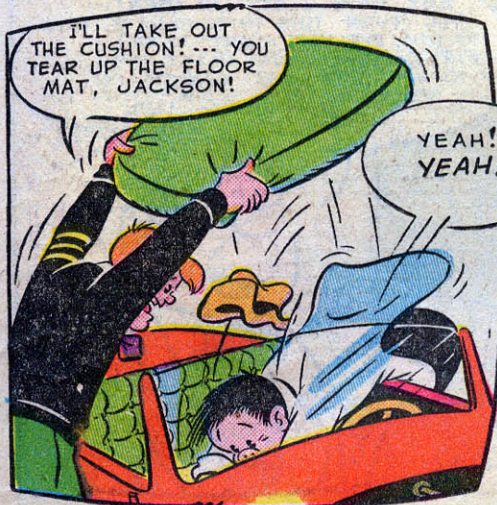
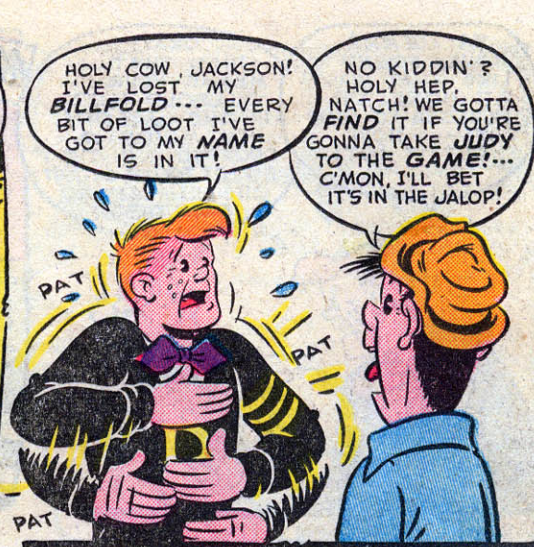
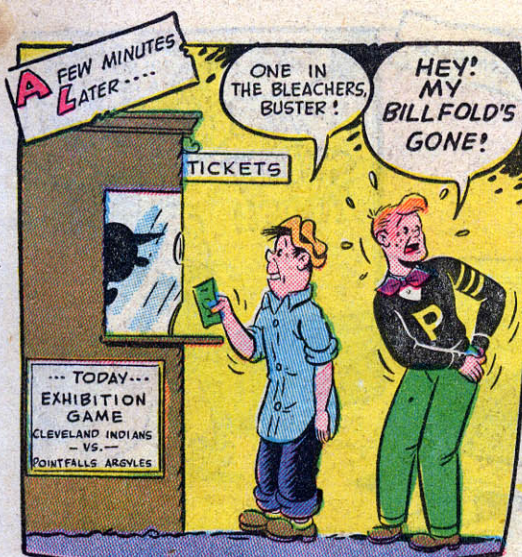
NO
KIDDIN'
JACKSON?

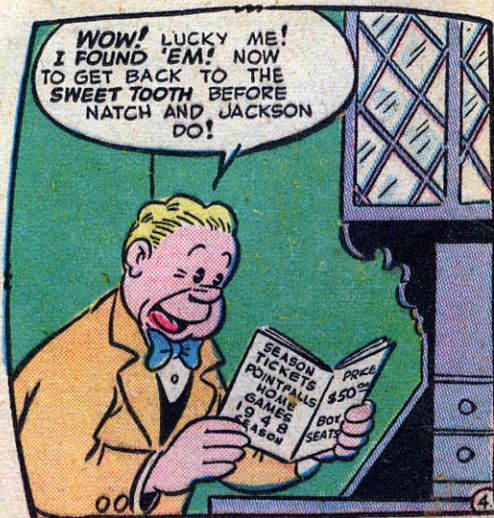
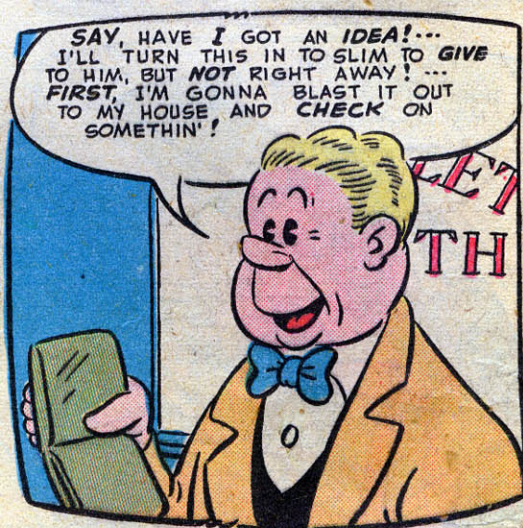
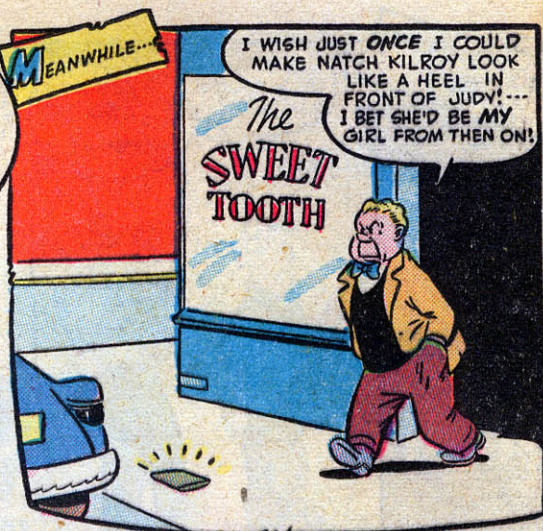
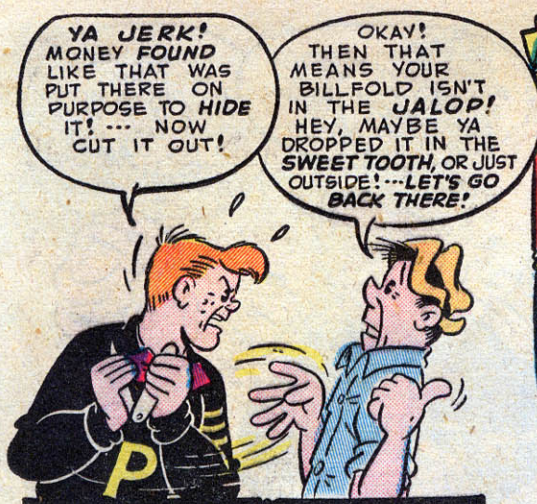
WHAT?
A BIG LEAGUE
TEAM IS GOING
TO PLAY
RIGHT HERE
IN OUR
TOWN?

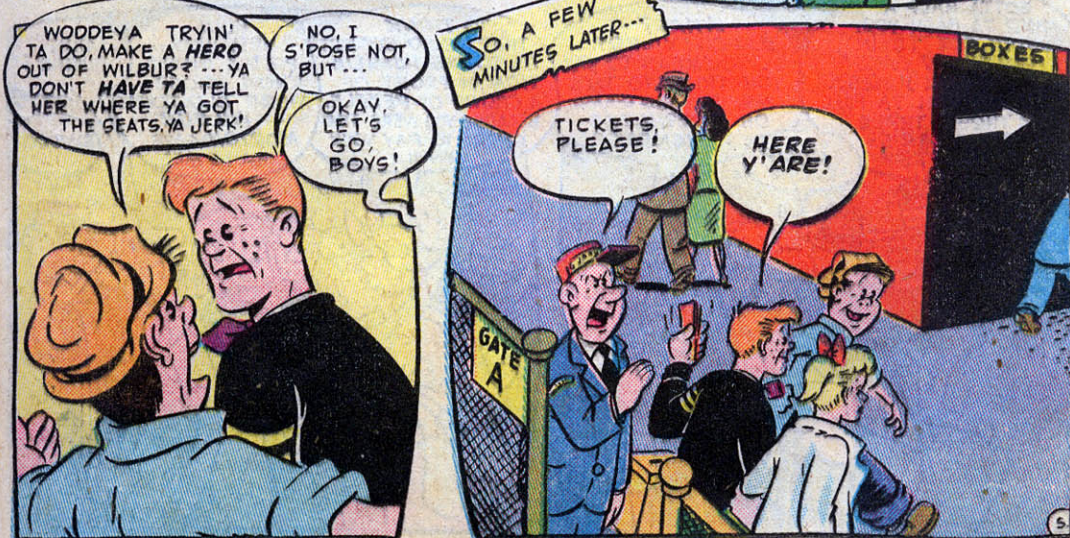
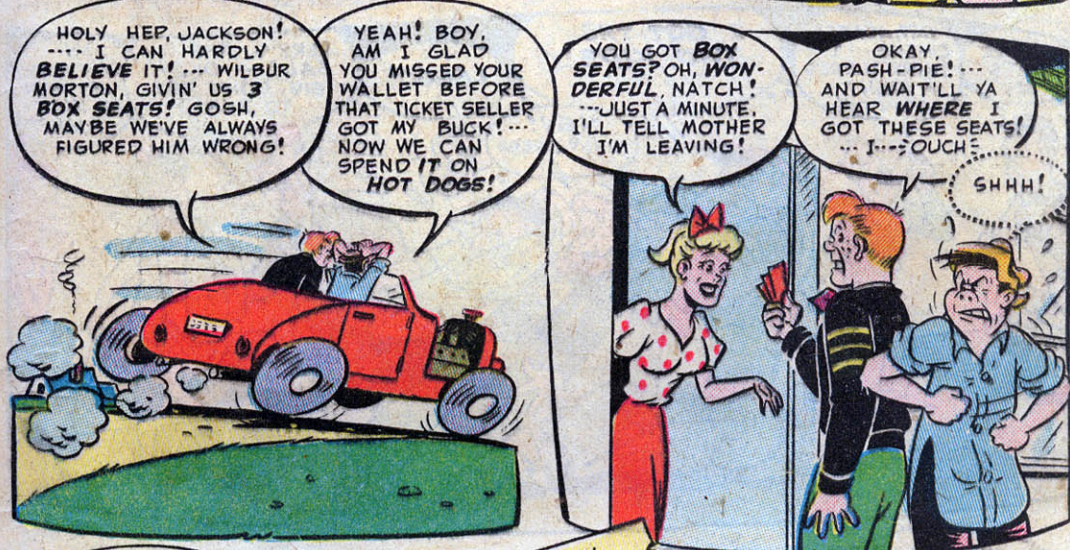
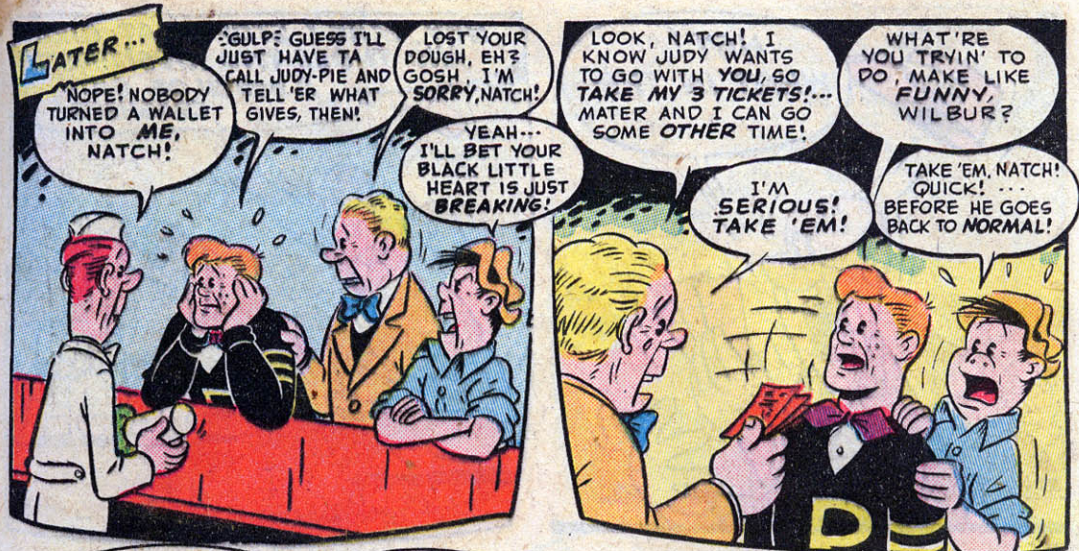
YEAH.
THAT'S
RIGHT
JUDY!

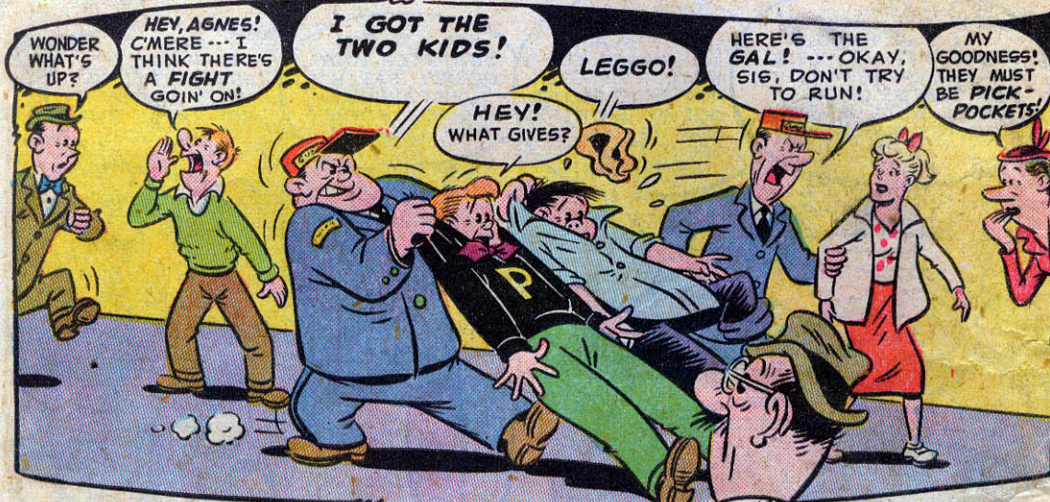
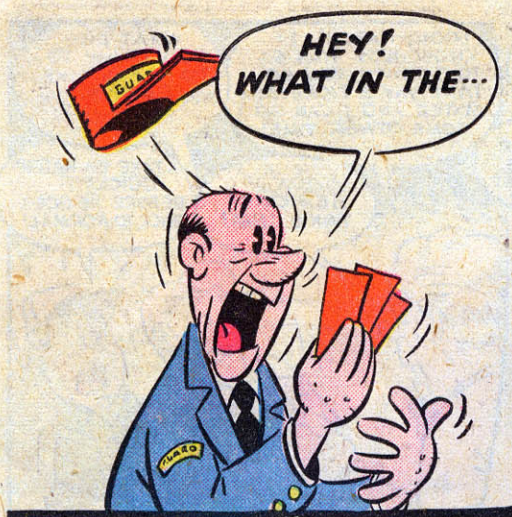
HOW **THRILLING!**
I MEAN, BUT **ACTUALLY!**
I'M SIMPLY **MAD** ABOUT
BASEBALL IT'S MY
FAVORITE SPORT!

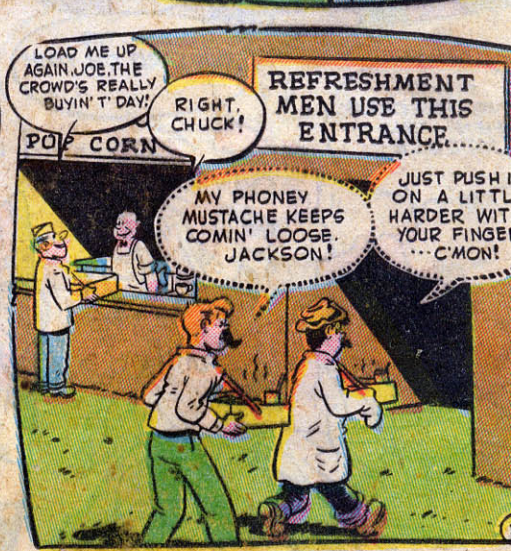
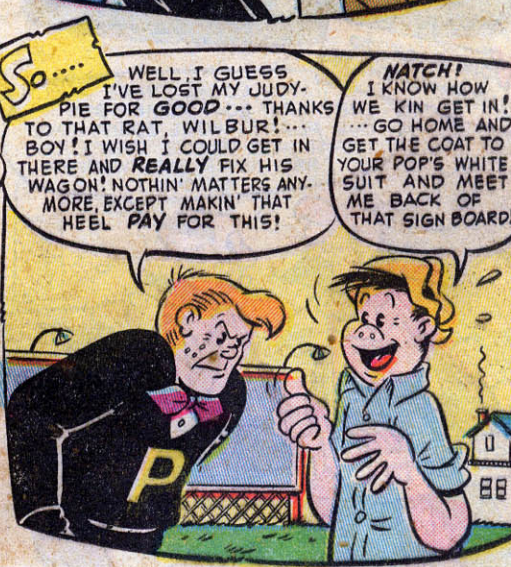
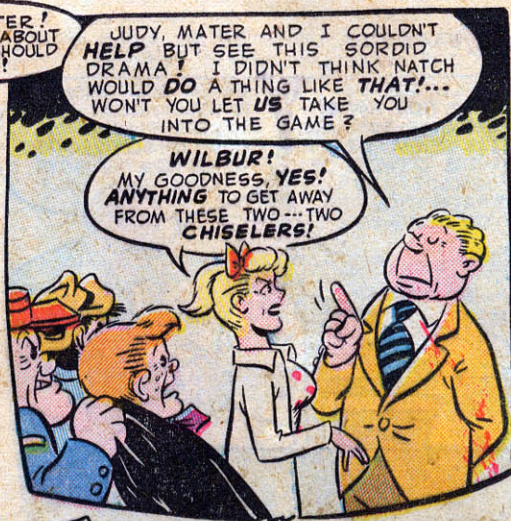
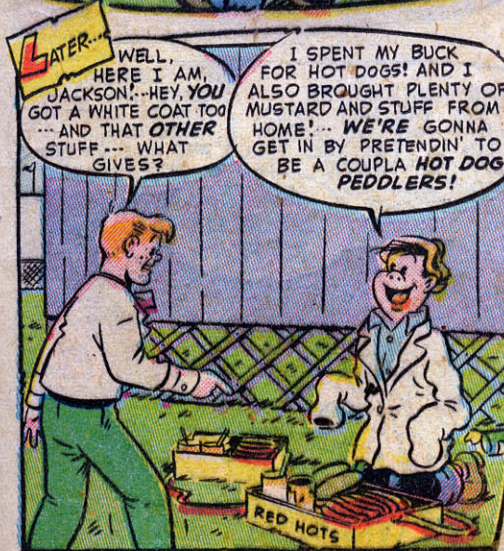
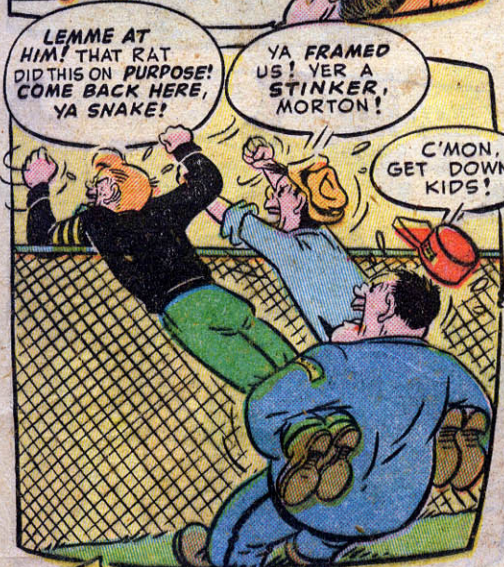
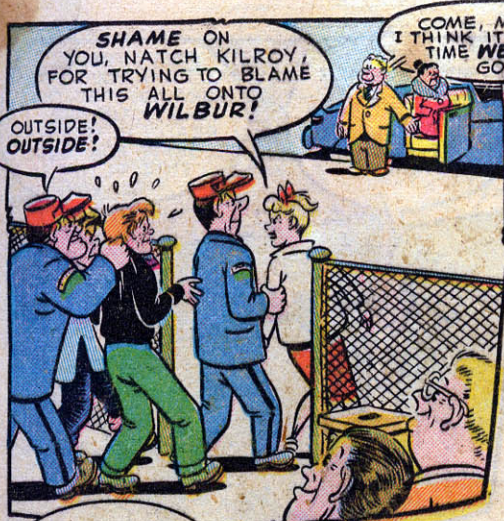




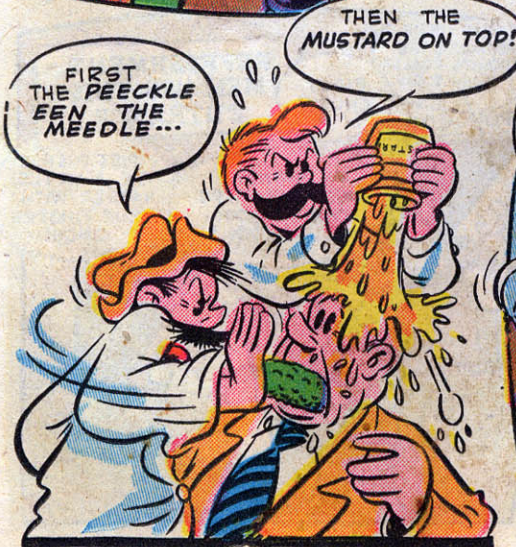
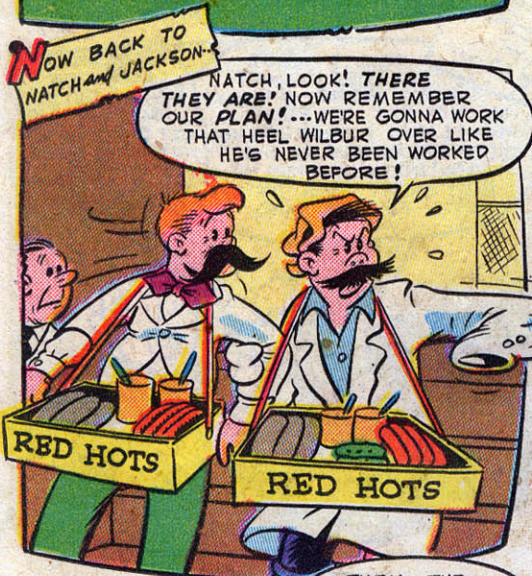
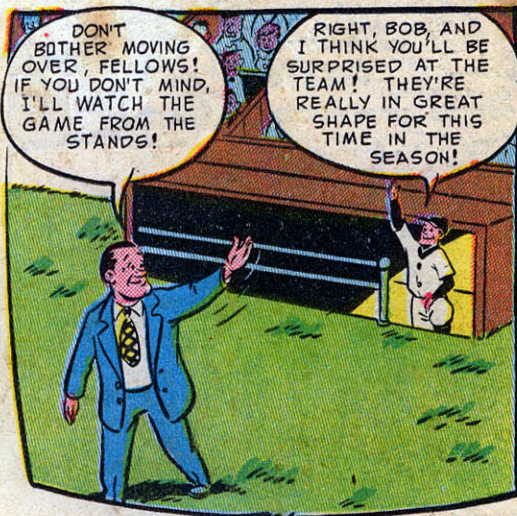
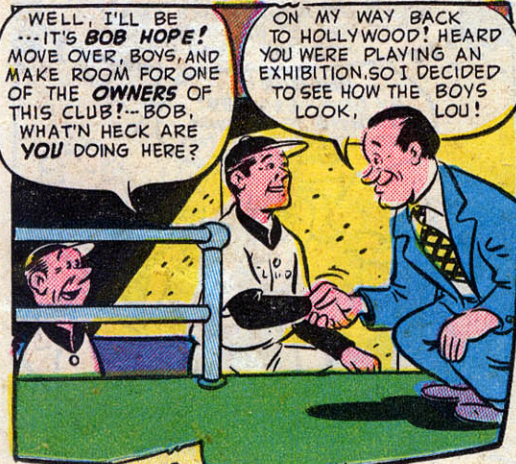


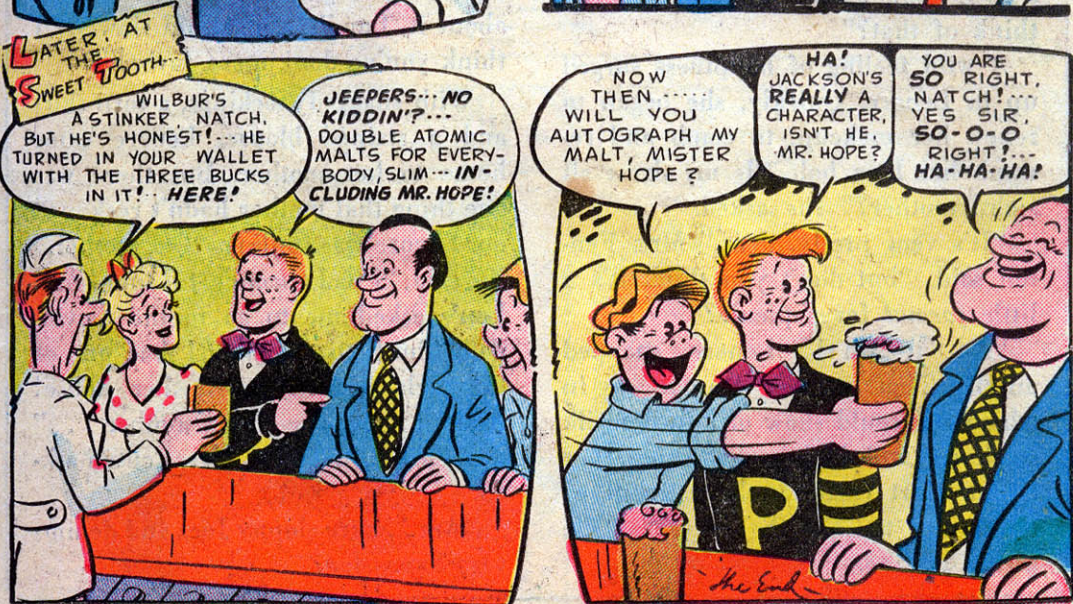
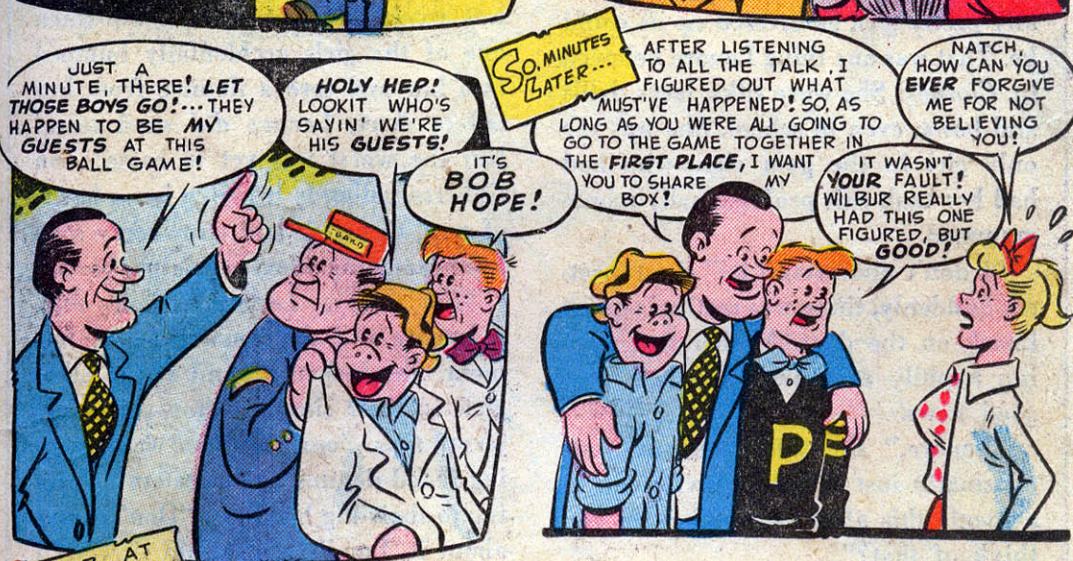
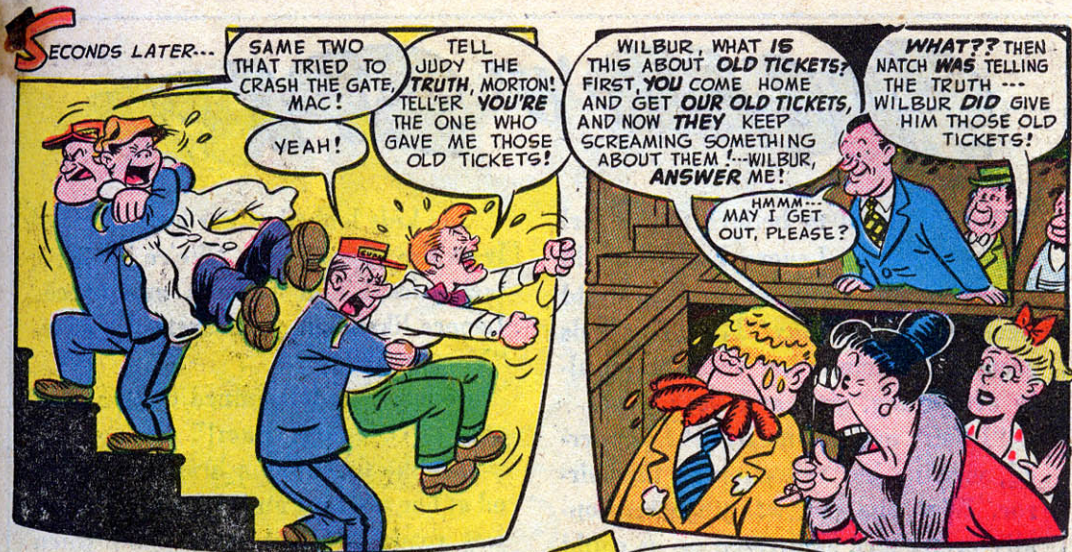






MEANWHILE, DOWN ON THE FIELD IN THE CLEVELAND INDIANS' DUGOUT...





SUGAR 'N' SPICE

IT WAS hard to believe that a girl as pretty as Lenore Fenton could be lonely. But she *was*! And she could never figure out *why*! The other kids seemed to exclude her from practically everything, girls and boys alike.

"I don't understand it!" she pondered, viewing her reflection in the mirror. What she saw was an exceptionally pretty girl, as dressed up as could be. That was one thing Lenore believed in. *Clothes*! She wore silks, laces, frills and bows, even to school. She was the only girl in the gym class who had had her tank suit professionally monogrammed.

"I don't understand it!" she repeated. Suddenly, there was mother's quick knock on the door. Mother was smiling happily as though she had very good news.

"Lenore," she said, "one of your classmates just called to invite you to a picnic this afternoon! What do you think of that?"

A wild feeling of happiness surged up in Lenore. Quickly, she began to renew her makeup, to comb and recomb her long bob. "Is my dress all right, mother?" she asked.

"It's very pretty, dear," Mrs. Fenton said, "but don't you think it's a little *formal* for a picnic?"

"No, it isn't!" Lenore snapped angrily. That, at least, was *one* way in which she could show off! In her silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, her taffeta skirt rustling, she ran out of the house to join the crowd at the picnic grounds.

The kids looked at her a bit strangely as she approached. "We're having a sack race," Lon Roberts announced. Lenore liked Lon, in secret, of course. "You in it?"

Lenore was determined to be a good sport. "Of course I am!"

But the first time a bramble snatched at her stocking and ripped it, Lenore was ready to shed tears. And when one of the girls accidentally bumped into her and tore a flounce from her taffeta skirt, Lenore *did* shed tears! But the worst was yet to come! Lon Roberts, gallantly bringing her a bottle of pop, tipped it and strawberry soda went cascading down her dainty blouse.

"I'm sorry, Lenore," Lon said.

Lenore did not answer for a moment. She looked around at the other girls in their simple cotton skirts and jersey tops. Some of them were wearing faded denims and sweaters belonging to their big brothers. "Don't worry about it, Lon," Lenore said slowly. "I think you've done me a favor!"

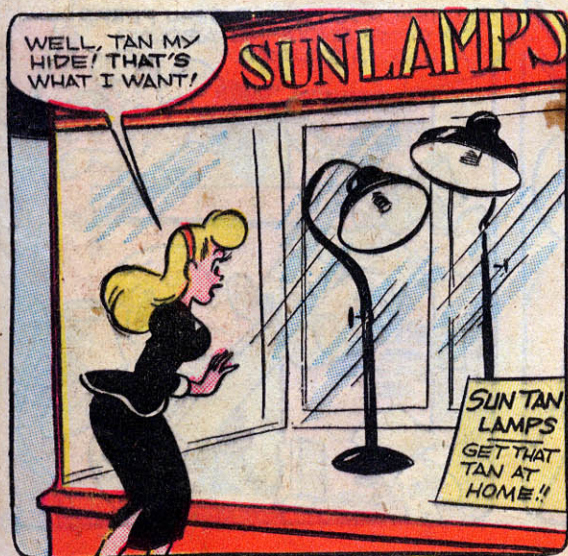
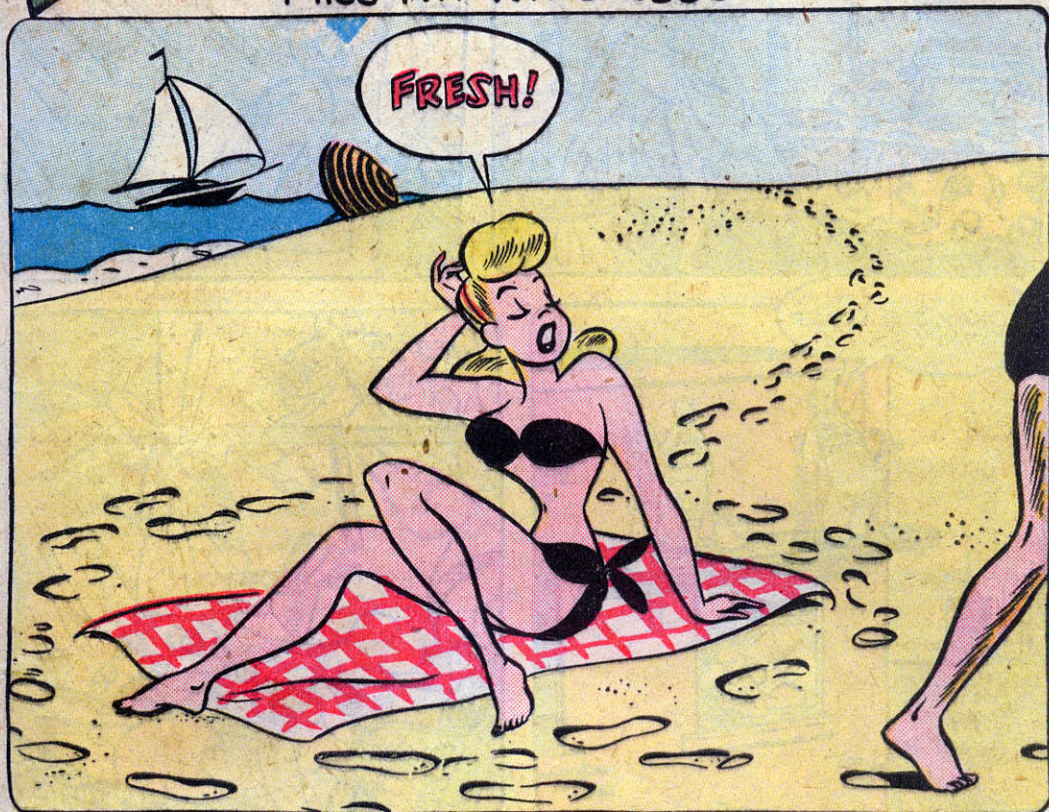
With snagged stockings, a torn skirt and a stained blouse, Lenore came home to her mother. But there was one thing that mother hadn't reckoned on. Lenore was smiling. "Oh, mother," she said, "I had a *wonderful* time! And Lon's asked me to go to the movies with him Saturday night! And one of the girls invited me to her house! And . . . just one thing, mother . . ."

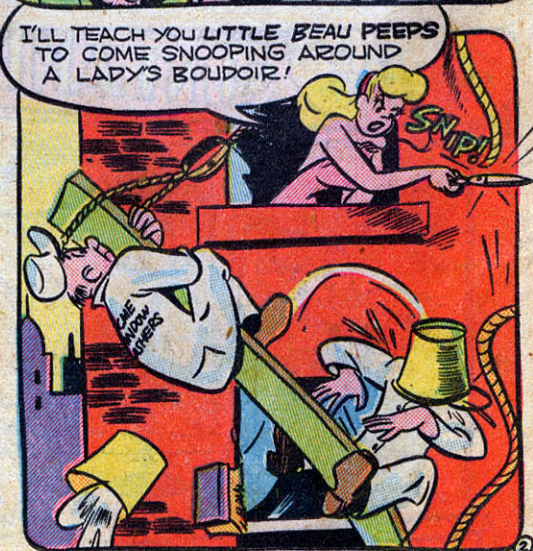
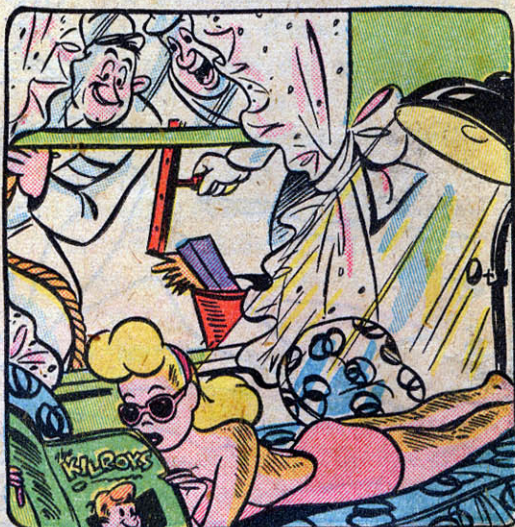
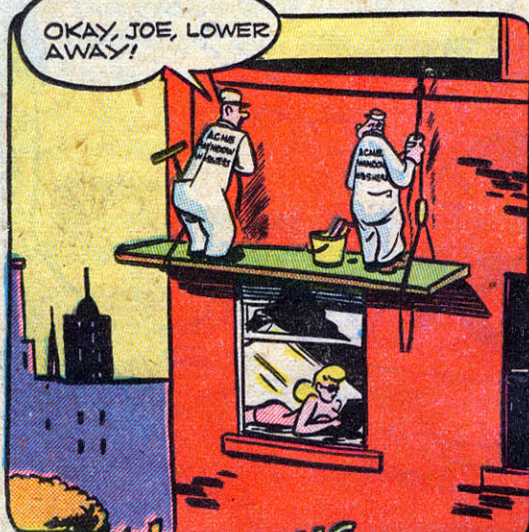
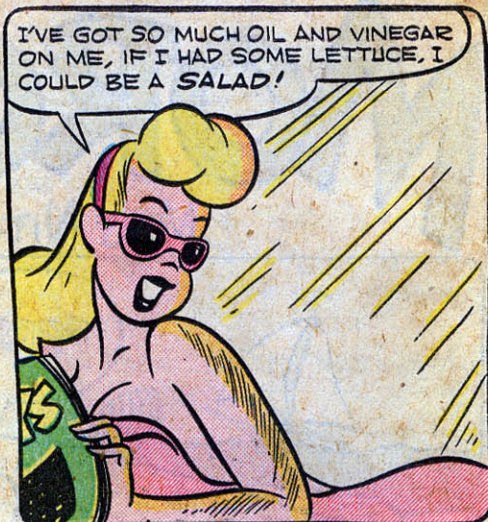
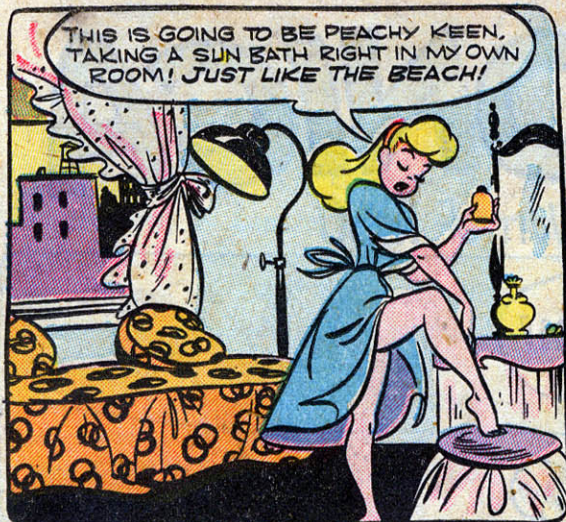
"What is it, dear?" Mrs. Fenton asked.

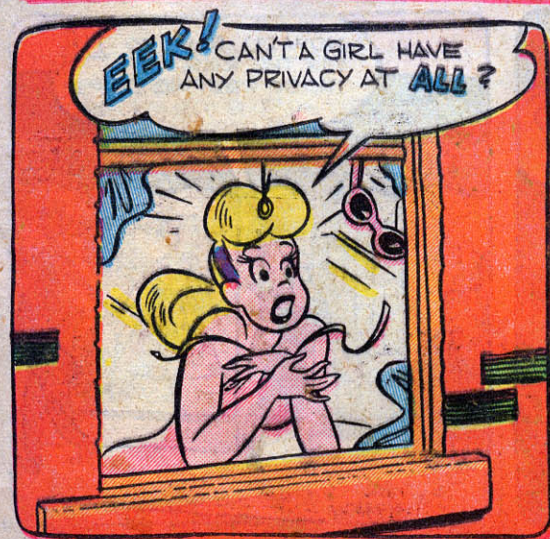
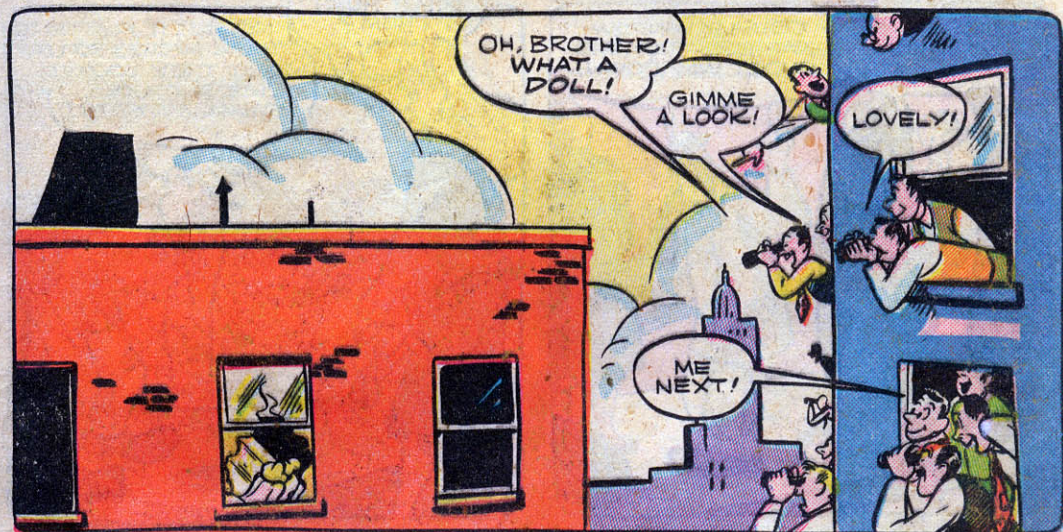
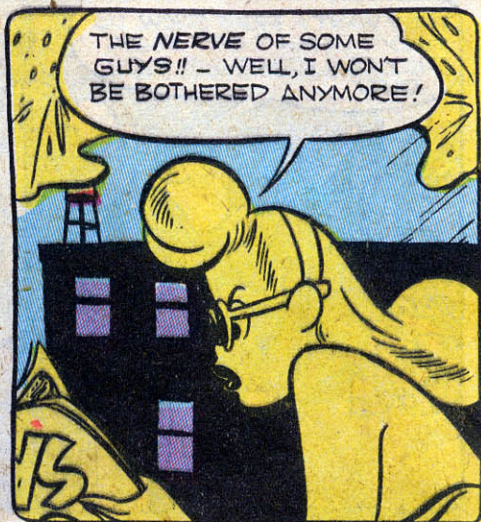
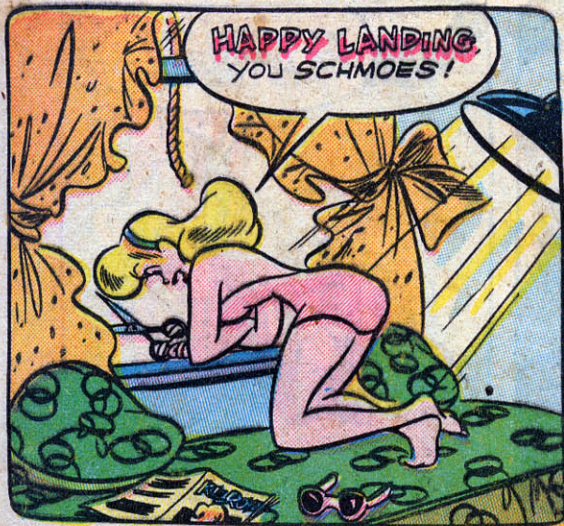
"Are . . . are sloppy Joes and denims very *expensive*?"

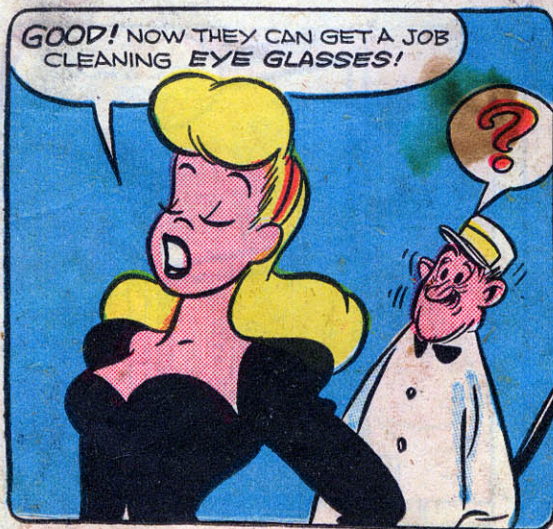
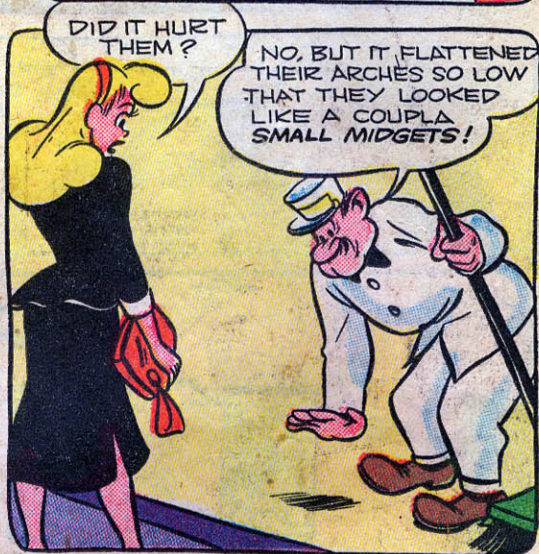
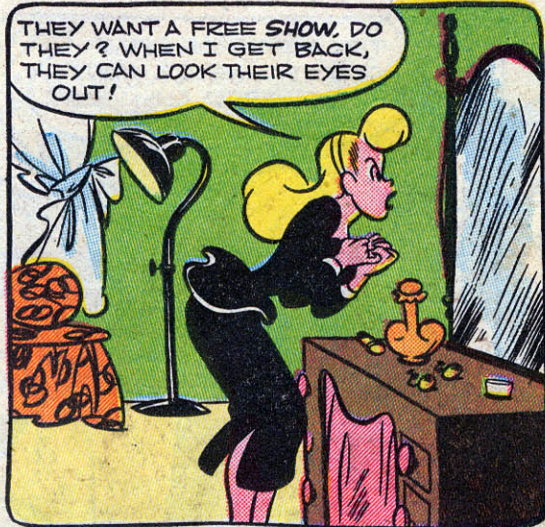
MORONICA

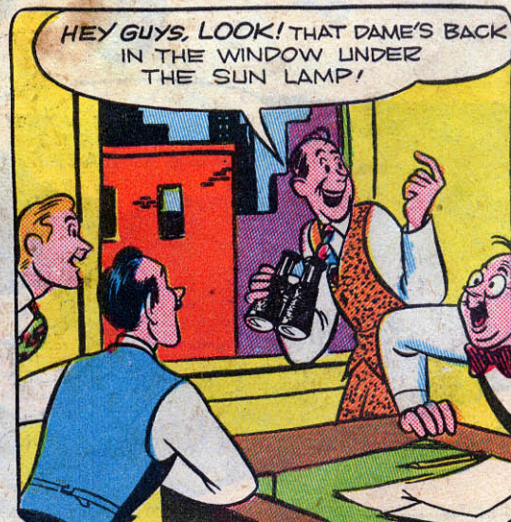
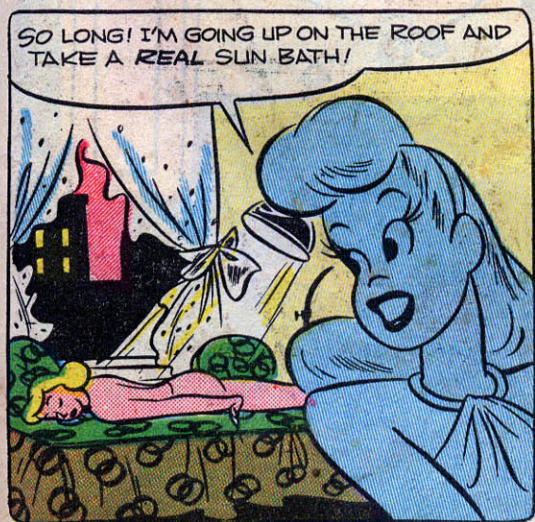
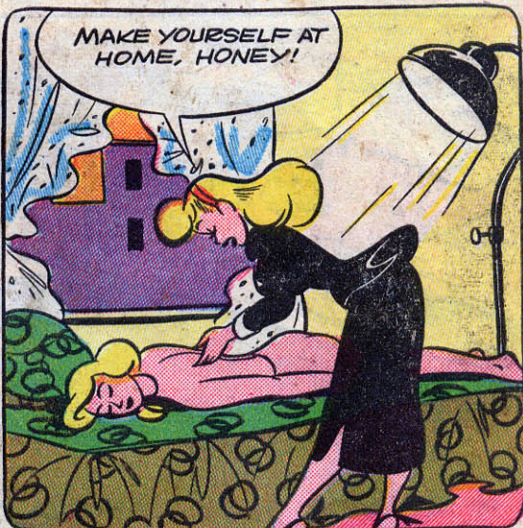
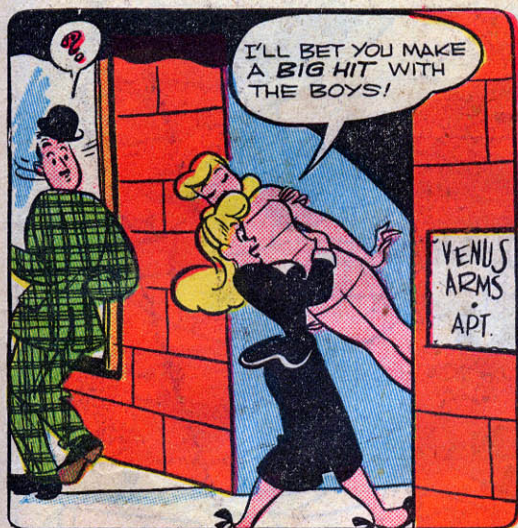
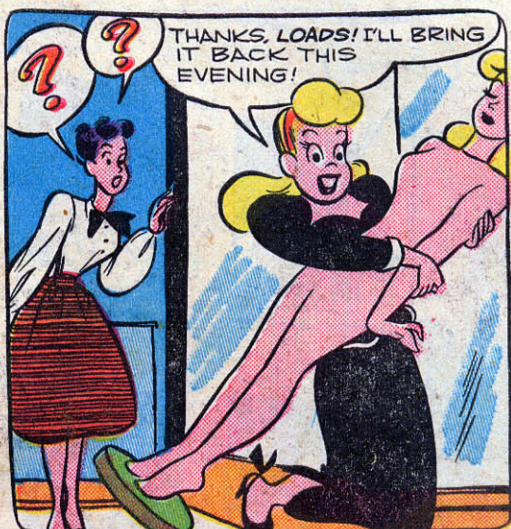
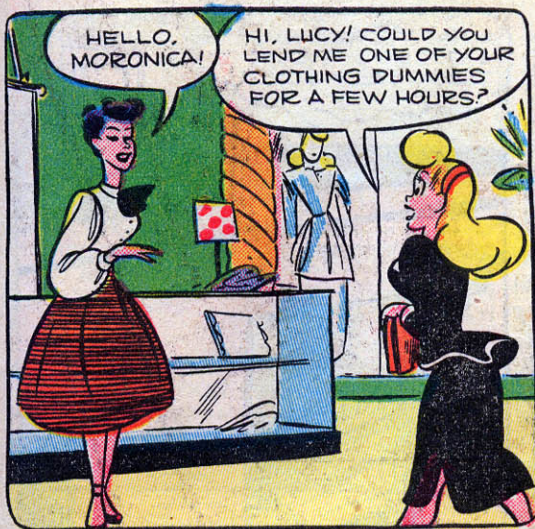
MISS NIT-WIT OF 1950

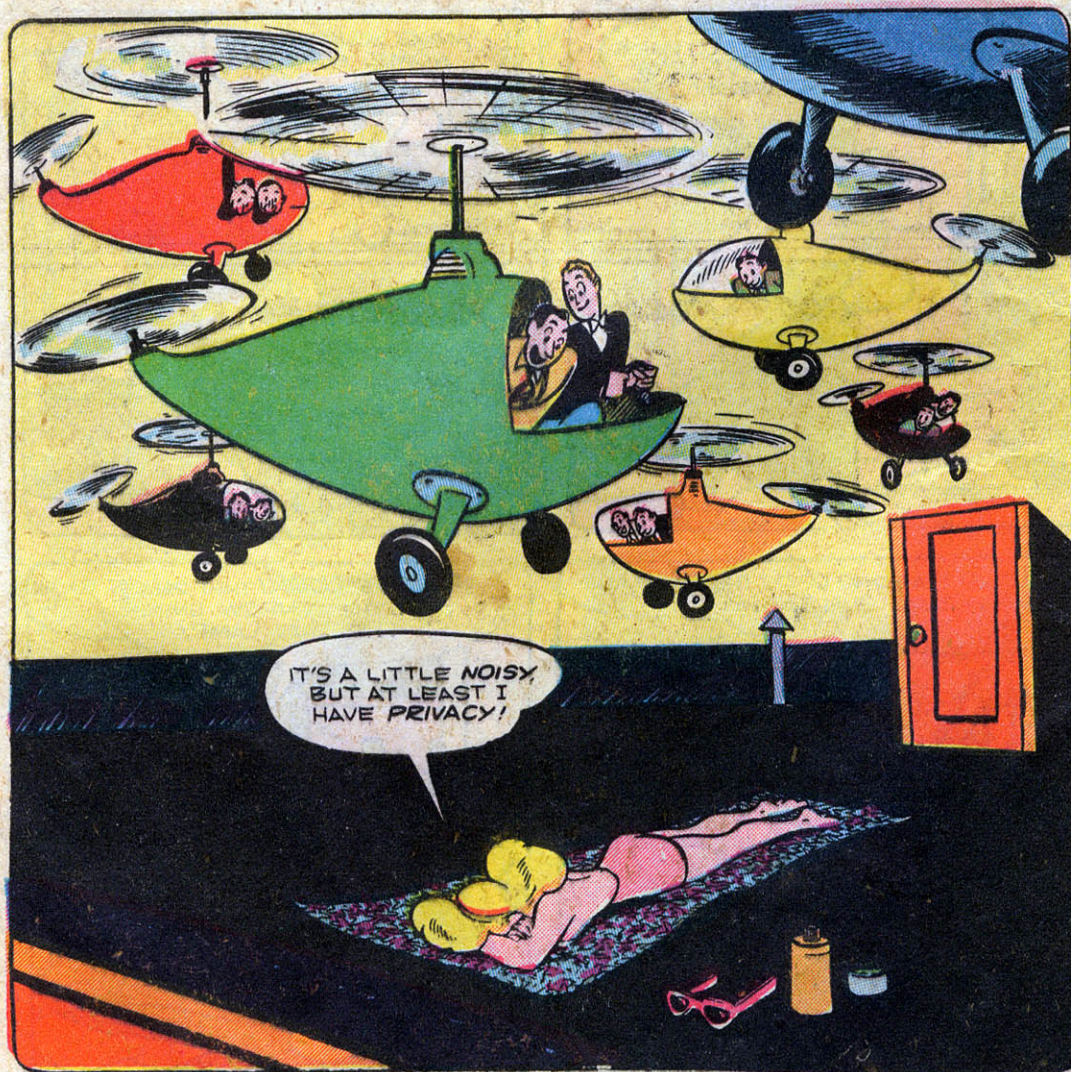
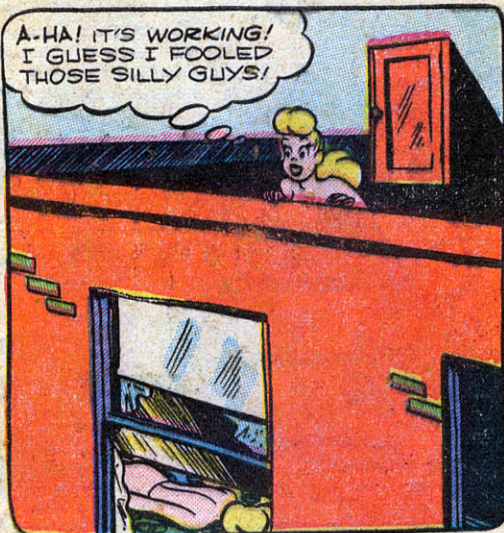


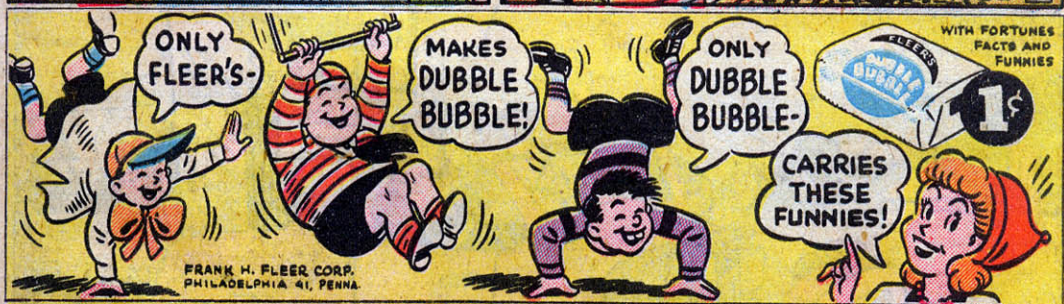
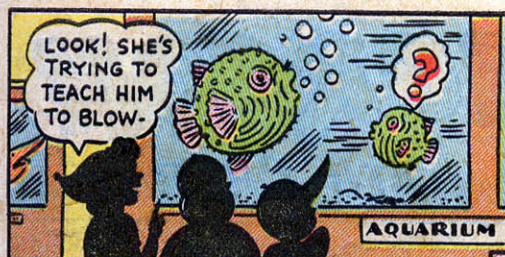












For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



ALL BIG
52
PAGES



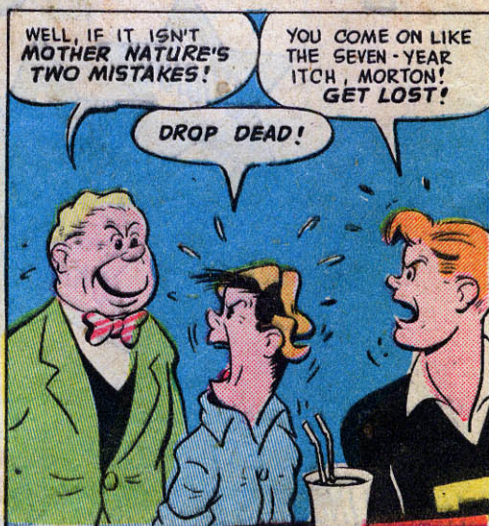
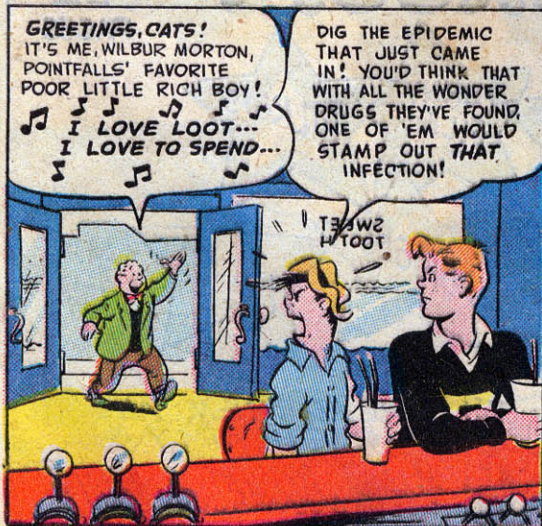
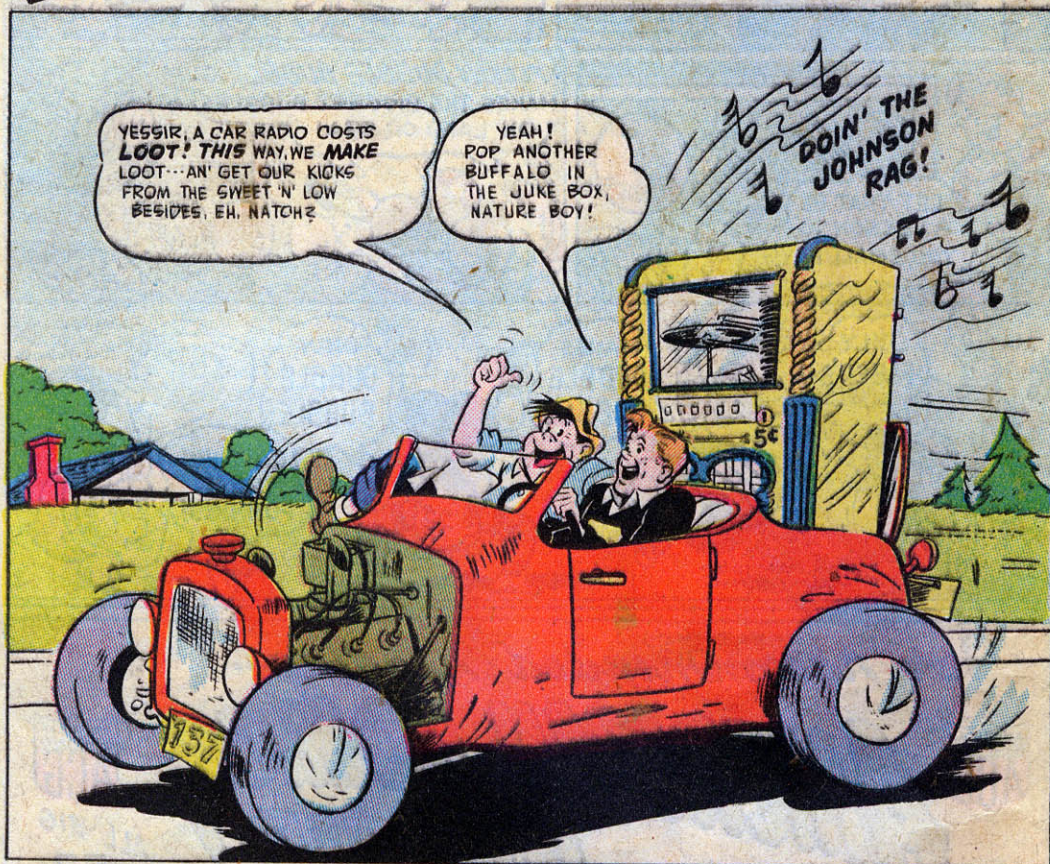
They're the terrific titans...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!

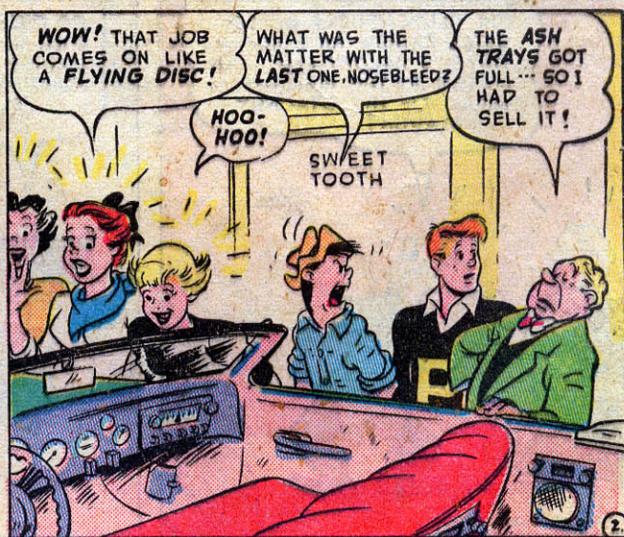
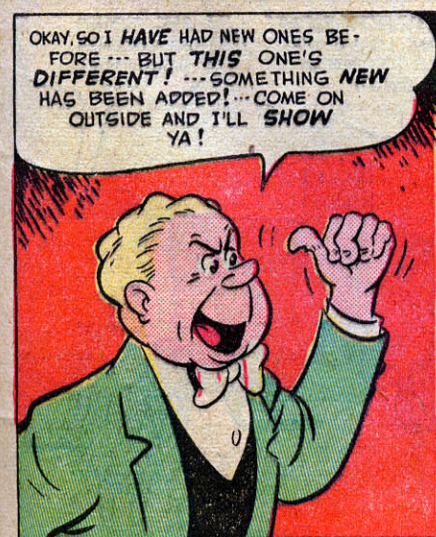
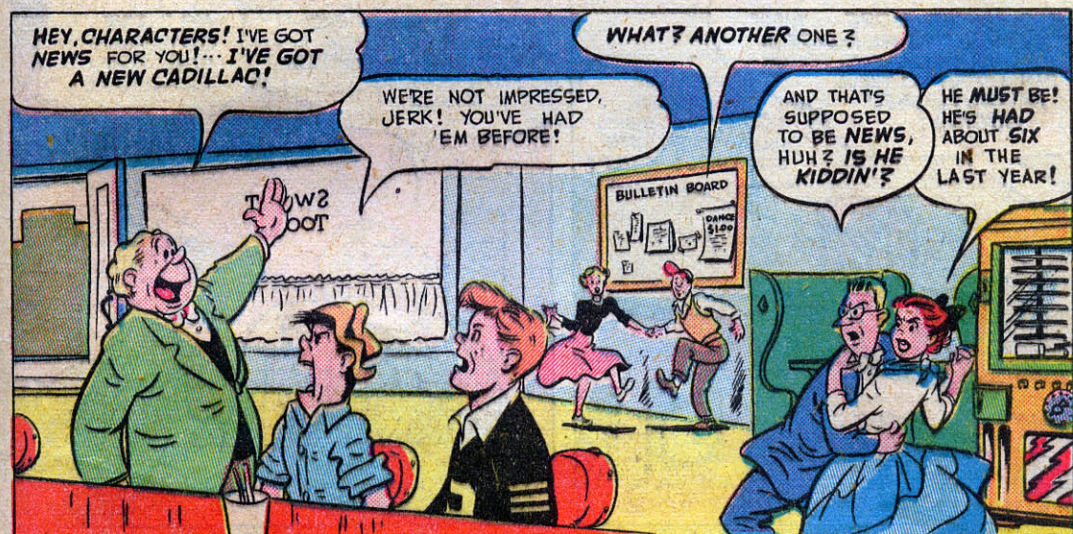
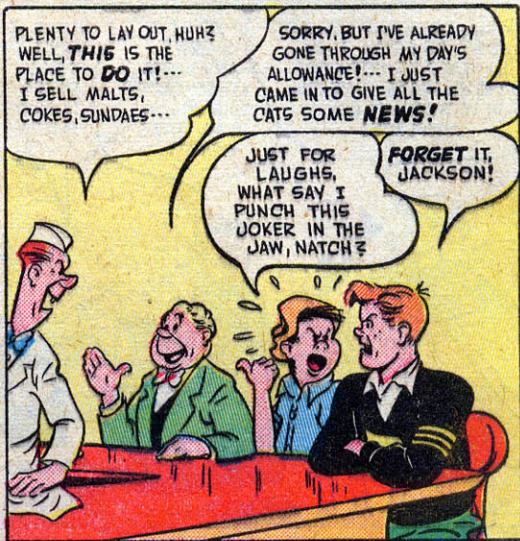
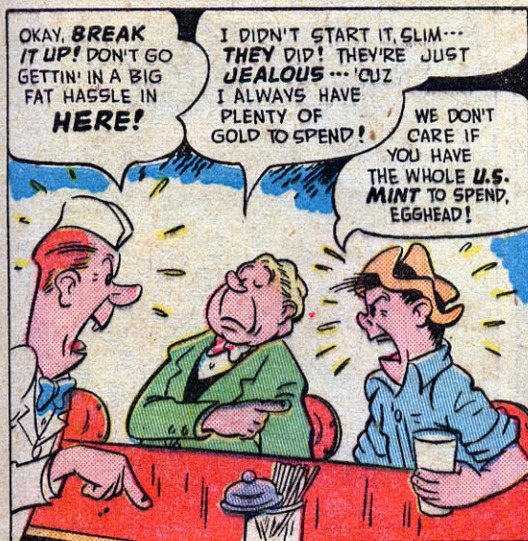


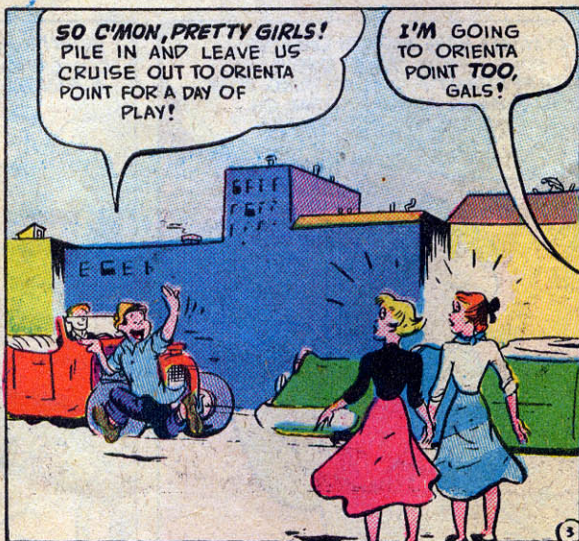
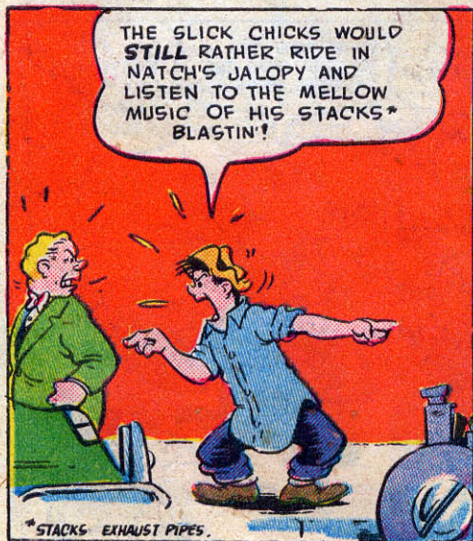
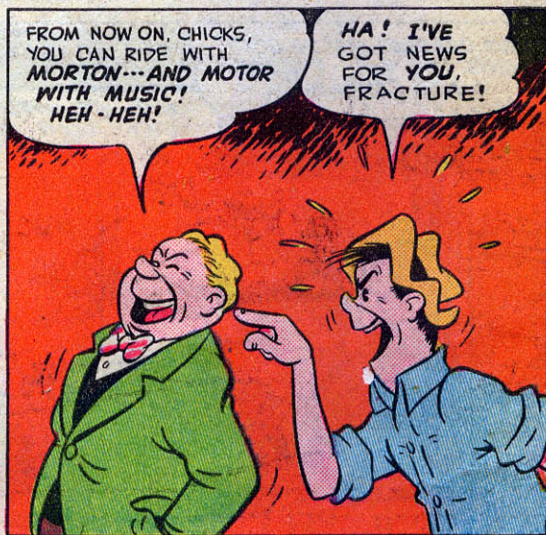
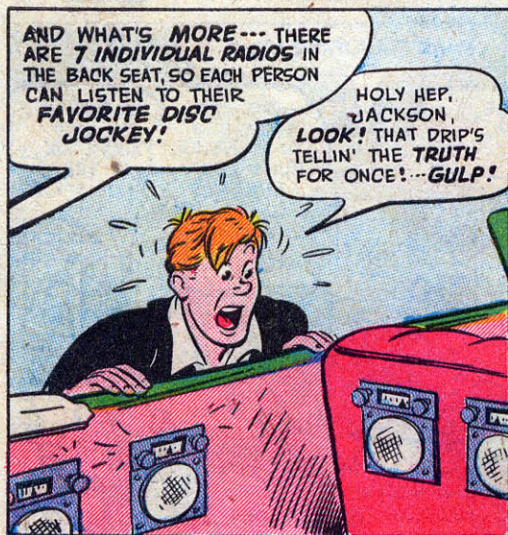
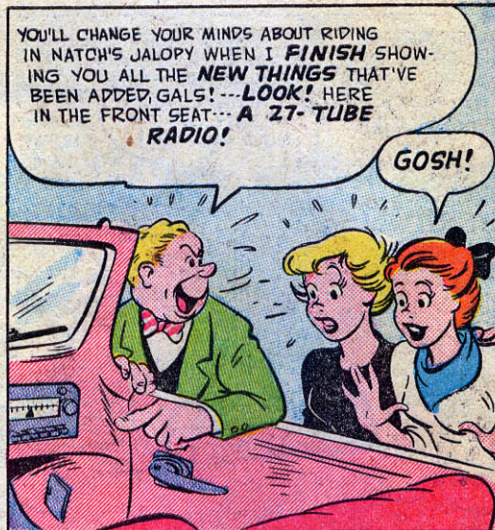
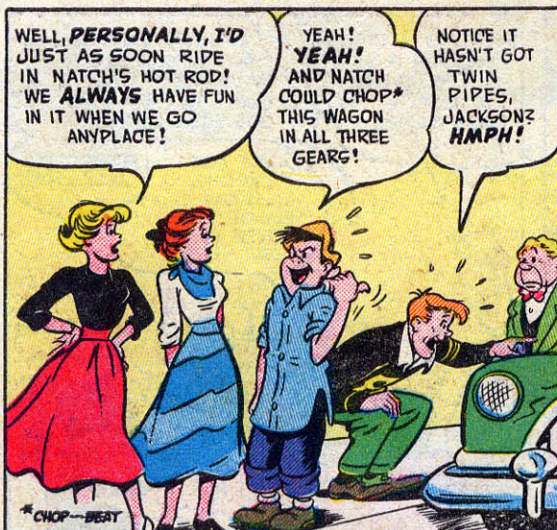
READ THEM ALL
...REGULARLY...
Read **AMERICAN!**

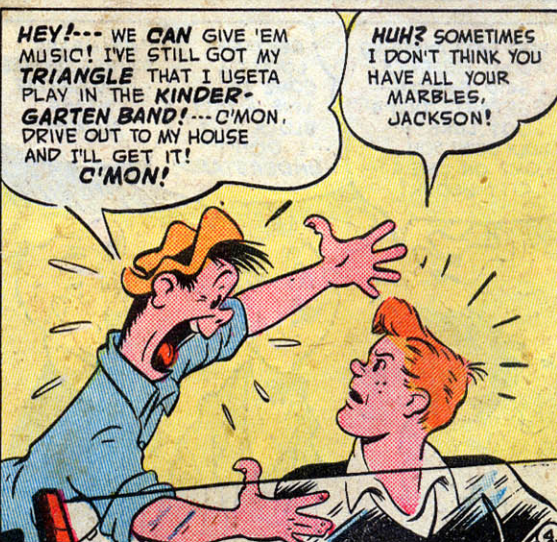
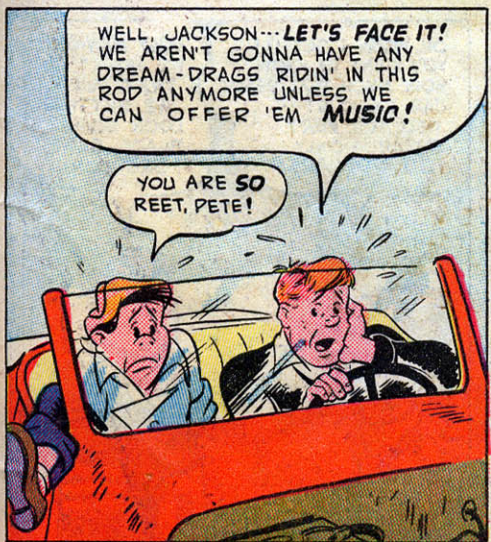
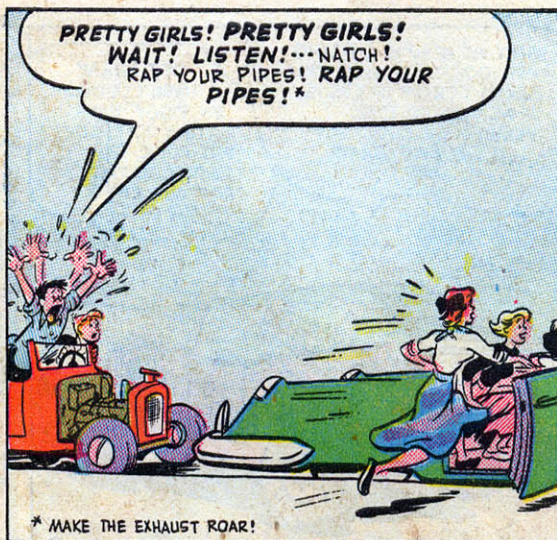
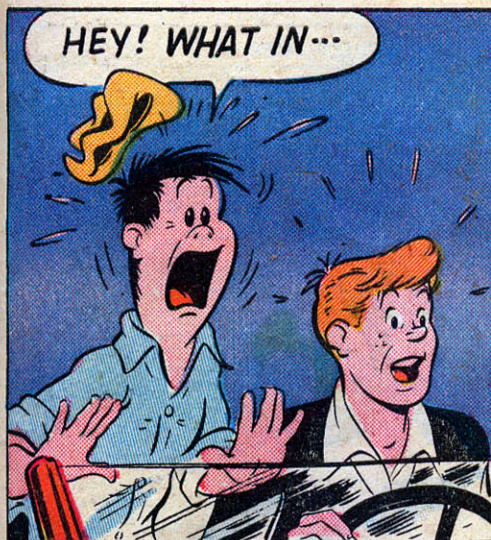
SOLID JACKSON

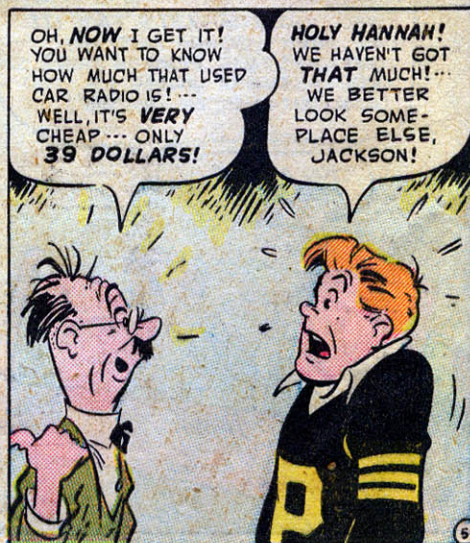
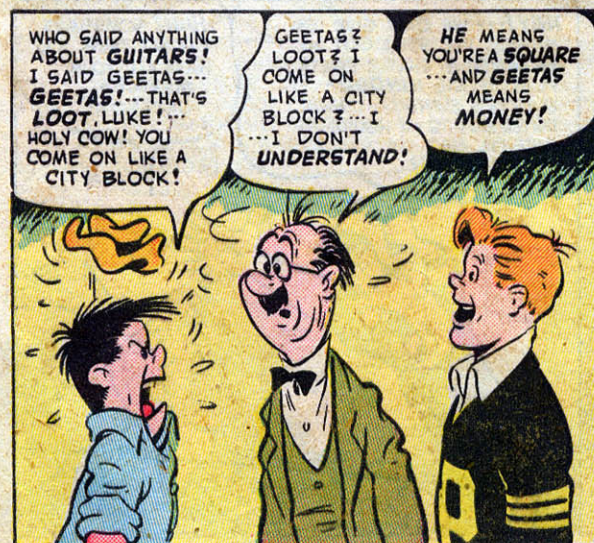
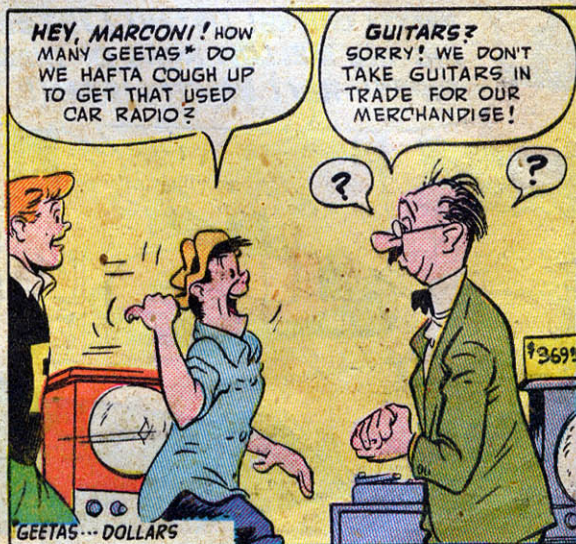
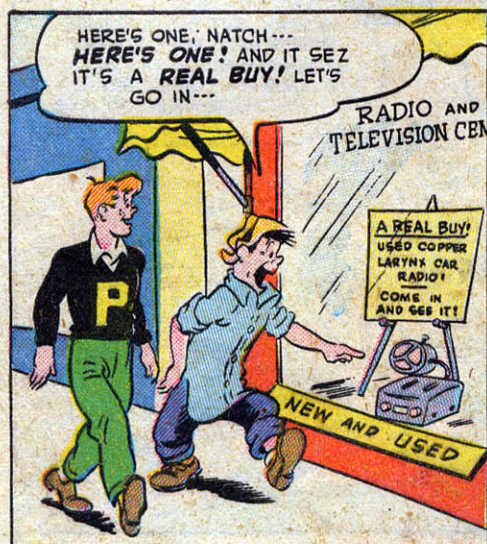
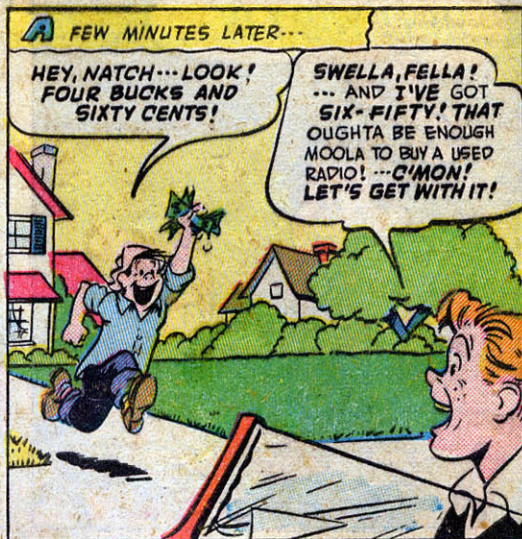
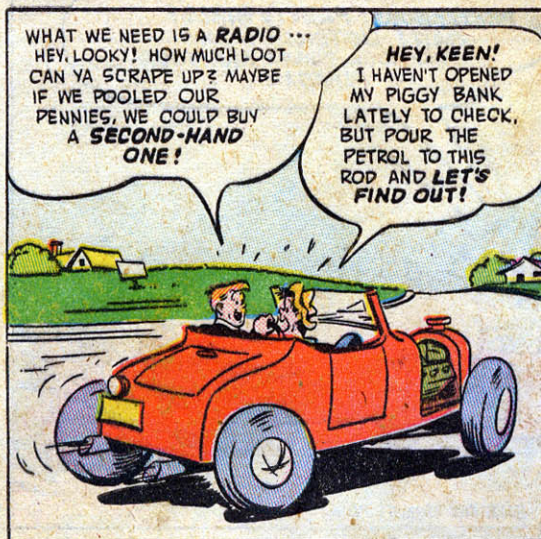
in "MUSIC HATH CHARMS"











MEANWHILE, AT
ORIENTA POINT...

OKAY, CHICKS!
TURN OFF THE
SEVEN RADIOS AN'
LET'S STROLL!

HUH? DID DAT
KID SAY 7
RADIOS?...
MAYBE DIS IS
ME LUCKY DAY!

HOT
DOGS

PARKING

HEY! HE WASN'T KIDDIN'!
IT SHOULDN'T TAKE ME
LONG TA STRIP DIS WAGON!...
BRUDDER, DIS IS GONNA BEAT
STEALIN' HUB CAPS!

LATER...

OKAY, PRETTY CHICKS,
PILE IN AND...

**YIPE! MY RADIOS ARE
GONE! THEY'VE
BEEN STOLEN! ... NATCH AND
JACKSON! I'LL BET THEY DID THIS!...
THEY WERE JEALOUS!**

NOW BACK TO JACKSON AND NATCH...

WELL, THAT'S *THAT*, JACKSON!
WE'VE BEEN *EVERYPLACE*...
AND WE CAN'T GET A RADIO
FOR LESS THAN 20 BUCKS!
WHICH MEANS NO MUSIC ...
AND NO GALS!

THERE'S STILL
MY *TRIANGLE*!
I WAS PRETTY
SHARP ON IT,
NATCH! I MADE
BEAUTIFUL
MUSIC!

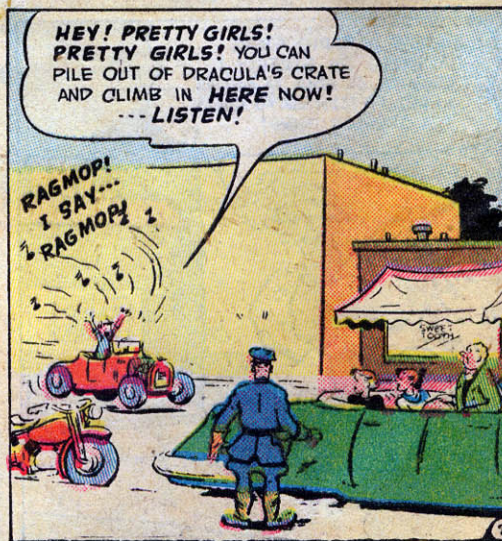
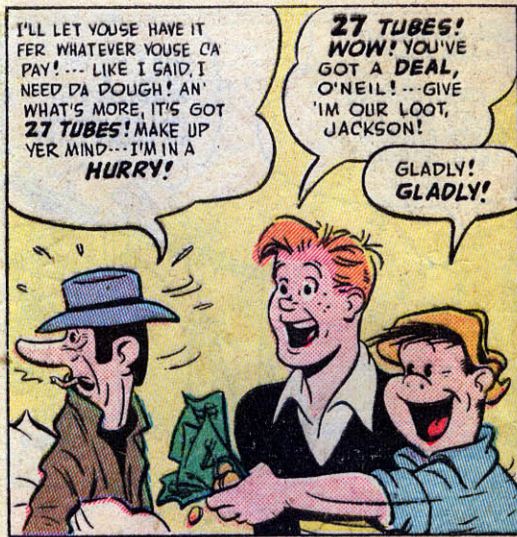
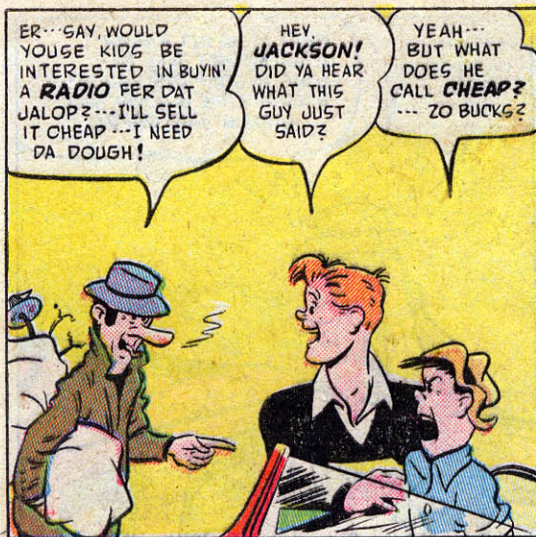
RADIO
SALES

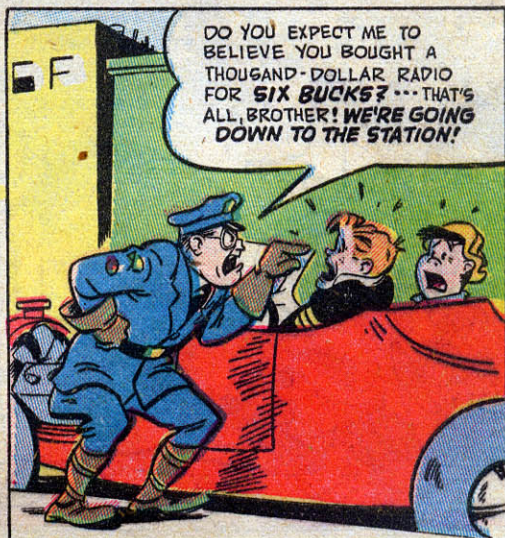
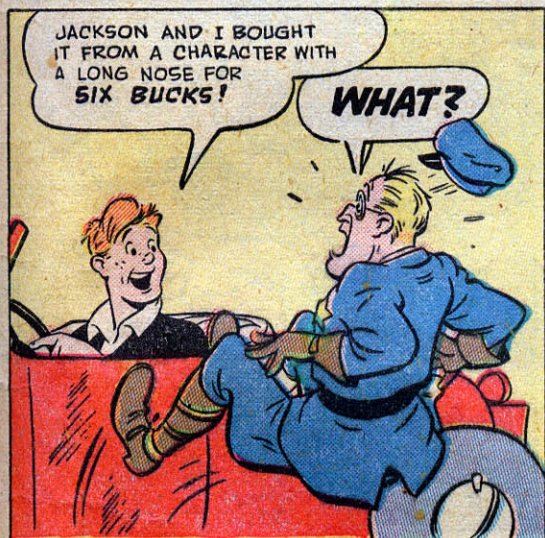
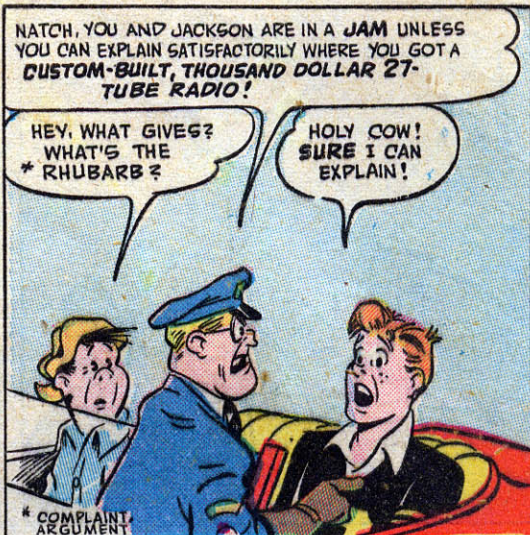
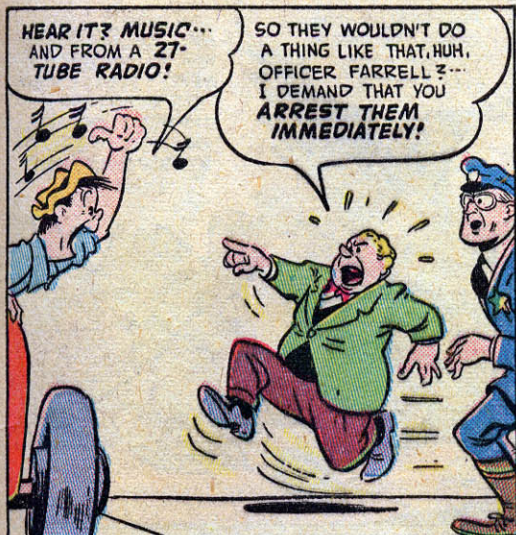
DERE'S A RADIO STORE
ACROSS DA STREET! I
OUGHTA BE ABLE TA GET AT
LEAST FIFTEEN BUCKS APIECE
FER DESE T'INGS!

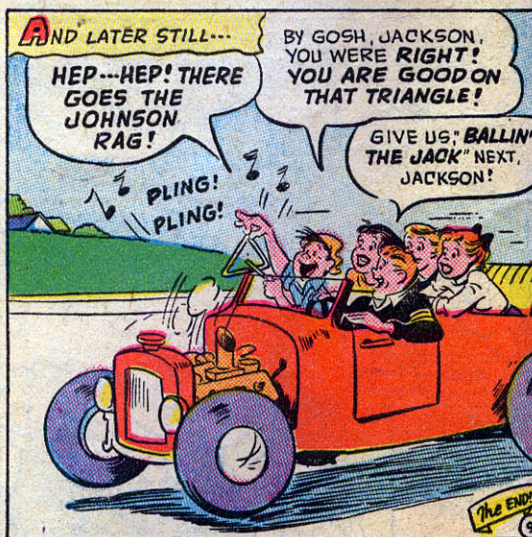
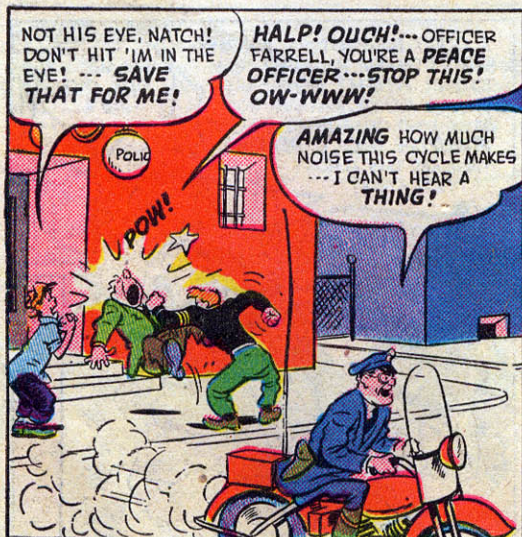
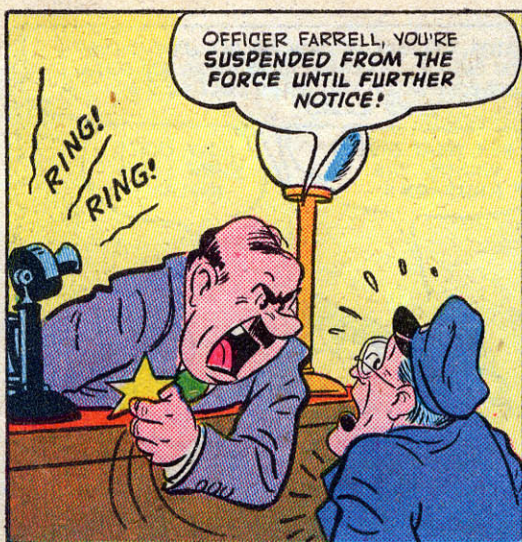
ULP! DERE GOES DA KID I STOLE
'EM FROM! ... HE'S PROBABLY HEADIN'
RIGHT FOR DA COPS AN' DEY'LL BE
COVERIN' EVERY RADIO STORE AN' PAWN-
SHOP IN TOWN! ... I GOTTA UNLOAD
'EM ON ANYBODY I CAN FER
WHATEVER I CAN GET!

RADIO
SALES

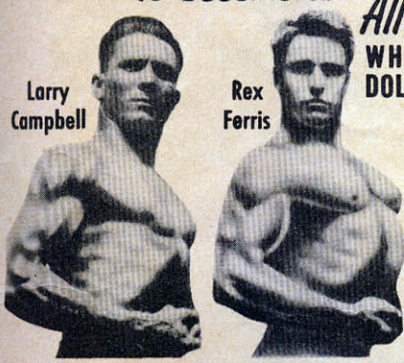
RADIO
SALES







Which of these 2 one time **WEAKLINGS** paid only a few cents to become an **"All-Around" HE-MAN** at home?



WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!
Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.
Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

AMAZING
get acquainted offer!
... Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses
YOUR LAST CHANCE only **10c**
Instead of \$1.00
plus **FREE** MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—
says George F. Jowett - World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A **WINNER** AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH **PROGRESSIVE POWER**



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT
Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY - WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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D. with adjustable strap. Grand lunch bag, camera case, etc. New.

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35¢

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- Has 5 inside pocket compartments.
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 - 5 sets of attached straps and buckles for loading on extra equipment.
 - 2 clip sections for hooking in extra gear.
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plus: (see illustration)

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- 2 Adjustable Shoulder Straps

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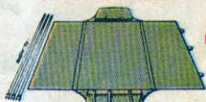
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(collapsible)



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\$2.45
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K. 5" blade 10" overall, leather handle, plastic sheath, new.

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L. 6" blade, 11" overall, leather handle, new.

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LIMITED QUANTITIES! MAIL COUPON TODAY!

CHARLES McMANUS, Cuttingsville 9, Vermont

I enclose (cash or money order, positively no COD's). Send items checked below:

- | | | |
|---|---|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> A. The Famous Combat Infantry Field Pack Set | <input type="checkbox"/> K. Utility Axe | \$1.45 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> B. Commando Bag | <input type="checkbox"/> L. 6" Blade, 11" Overall, Leather Handle, New | \$1.45 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. D. Commando Bag | <input type="checkbox"/> M. Musette Bag | \$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> D. Commando Bag | <input type="checkbox"/> N. Officer's Bed Roll | \$2.45 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> E. Signaling Mirror | <input type="checkbox"/> O. Army Cook Pot | \$2.45 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> F. Utility Axe | <input type="checkbox"/> P. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt | \$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> G. Army Cook Pot | <input type="checkbox"/> Q. 5" Pal Knife | \$1.25 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> H. Utility Axe | <input type="checkbox"/> R. 6" Pal Knife | \$1.45 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> I. Utility Axe | <input type="checkbox"/> S. 18" Machete | \$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> J. Utility Axe | <input type="checkbox"/> T. 18" Machete | \$1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> My order totals over \$4. Send 1 Infantry Cargo Furlough Bag FREE. | <input type="checkbox"/> My order totals over \$10. Send 3 Infantry Cargo Furlough Bags FREE. | |

MINIMUM ORDER \$2.

Name _____
Address _____
City & Zone _____ State _____

CHAS. McMANUS • Cuttingsville 9, Vt